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KING EDWARD VII, OPENING HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BEGG.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I did but scant justice last week to the youthful vivacity of our ancient Constitution. Who would have suspected it of plotting a practical joke at the expense of his Majesty's faithful Commons? The chief instrument of this humour was the Lord Great Chamberlain, who seems to have had the brilliant idea that the ceremonial of the opening of Parliament was not a great public function, but a private afternoon "crush." Every guest, as it were, received a card inscribed thus: "The Lord Great Chamberlain. At Home. House of Lords, February 14. To meet their Majesties the King and Queen." You are probably acquainted with the nature of those delightful entertainments known to civilised society as "crushes." Many people are jammed on a staircase for several hours, unable to get up or down, but radiant with gratified ambition. The "crush" in the House of Lords differed from this mainly by the absence of this gratification from the breasts of his Majesty's faithful Commons. Few could see anything except the backs of peeresses interposing between them and the countenance of their Sovereign. One alone expressed contentment. He was a champion from Wales, and two of his stout adherents raised him on their shoulders. This is what it is to be a true leader of men.

Another member, perceiving that a gallery was only half occupied by ladies, asked an official whether the faithful Commons were entitled to sit there. "Yes, Sir, but not to-day." "This door leads to the gallery?" "Yes, but it is locked by order of the Lord Great Chamberlain." "I had a mind," said the member, when telling me this anecdote, "to put my foot against that door and burst it open; but I controlled myself." "Quite right," I remarked; "it would have been unseemly behaviour at the Lord Great Chamberlain's afternoon party." So private was the House of Lords on this occasion that a faithful commoner, strolling towards the door before the ceremonies began, was stopped by a constable, who said, "You can't pass here!" as if he were arresting traffic at a street corner. "By what right do you prevent a member of the House of Commons from going where he pleases in the Palace of Westminster?" asked the commoner with dignity. "Lord Great Chamberlain's order," said the constable. "Ha, ha!" chuckled that aged sprite, the Constitution, with invisible mockery. "You dare to laugh, policeman!" exclaimed the member indignantly. "Beg pardon, Sir, I didn't," said the constable, quailing before the majesty of the people's representative. "Then look here, my man; let me tell you how you ought to address a member of the House of Commons when the House of Lords is reserved for a private reception of his friends by the Lord Great Chamberlain."

This does not exhaust the tale of elfish fantasies in the Constitution. Puck amused himself by so confusing the eyesight of two young gentlemen in a wood near Athens that each ran after the lady who belonged to the other. The Constitution is said to have played such a trick on a very august personage that for a time he believed the Commander-in-Chief to be the proper authority over the military funeral of Queen Victoria. The Commander-in-Chief, also under the spell, busied himself with the arrangements until he came in contact with the Hereditary Earl Marshal. "In good sooth this cannot be," said that official with haughty surprise. "As Hereditary Earl Marshal, I alone have the right to set in order the obsequies of our late Sovereign. By Magna Charta, the King himself cannot gainsay me!" I am told that when the Commander-in-Chief heard this invocation, he was a good deal relieved. Magna Charta he did not mind; but the Navy, which was also concerned in the military funeral, had, as it were, given a defiant hitch to its trousers, and refused to recognise his supremacy. There was a repetition of the situation hinted at by Byron in "Don Juan," when an official hubbub arises—

Because the Army's grown more popular;

At which the naval people are concern'd.

Little ironies are not confined to this blessed land. The German troops in China have been accused in the Reichstag of gross barbarity on the testimony of private letters. We know those private letters from the front, just as we know that "British Officer" (probably Mr. Stead's Julia in disguise) who said Lord Kitchener had ordered prisoners to be shot. The German War Minister denied the charges in the Reichstag, and cited British witnesses to the humanity of the German soldier. Tell it not in Hamburg; publish it not in the streets of Munich! Our soldiers have been denounced in Germany as savages; and yet it is British authority that is summoned by the War Minister to clear the German character from unmerited stain. Does Hamburg relish the irony? Heine did not love us; but if he could rise from the grave now, how he would enjoy the spectacle of the German Government calling in as vindicator of the German name the nation that has been painted as the modern Attila, Alva, and Wallenstein of ferocity!

It is dangerous to argue with a military man of any nationality; but I venture to demur to a letter written from Aldershot to one of the daily papers. The writer is indignant with people who want the British officer to be

more frequently visible in his uniform. As well expect the barrister, says this advocate, to wear his wig in the street, the clergyman to walk about constantly in his surplice, and the grocer in his apron. I fail to detect any analogy between the grocer's apron and the King's uniform. A clergyman, as it happens, does wear a dress distinctive of his calling. A barrister wears his wig in a public court; he does not wear it in the public street, because there it would be utterly incongruous. But the real point of the Aldershot letter has nothing to do with its rather unhappy illustrations. This officer detests swagger, and he is afraid that if he wore his uniform for the general eye, he would be accused of seeking advertisement. It is a curious sentiment, but perfectly genuine, and not uncommon in the service. I believe Mr. Gilbert had it good-humouredly in his mind when he put one of his operative commanders into full fig, and made him sing, "I am the very model of a modern Major-General." That could not have offended even the most peppery member of the Naval and Military Club, for it was not a caricature, but a playful inversion of the truth.

A pretty story comes to me from South Africa. An American girl, who had worked devotedly as a nurse among the private soldiers, received a visit one day from a very distinguished officer, who listened to her with manifest interest while she talked about her patients. Looking at his medals, she said: "You must be very proud of these, General." "Yes," he said simply, "I am very proud of them because they were all won for me by Tommy Atkins." It was General Rundle who said that, and the saying is not only a fine tribute to the British soldier, but also an excellent reason why the British officer should not regard his uniform as an advertisement to be avoided when he is off duty. A friend of mine, who is learned in such matters, assures me that the officers of certain regiments can be distinguished in mufti by the colours of their neckties. This must be a great comfort to the accomplished student who can interpret the language of neckties; but to most civilians it can convey no more than would the deaf-and-dumb alphabet or an exchange of Masonic signs. There is a story of the Duke of Wellington that, meeting his son, Lord Douro, who happened to be out of uniform, in the street, he cut him dead. Hastening to his quarters, Lord Douro put on his uniform, and encountered his father again. "How are you, Douro?" said the Duke, as if they had not met before. I wonder what he would have said to the emblematic necktie.

The hero of M. Rostand's famous play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," boasts with his dying flourish that he will carry his plume to another world. M. Coquelin carried it to Chicago, where he has had to fight for it with an American citizen named Gross. Mr. Gross is possessed by the idea that he is the real owner of the *panache*. He says he wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac," and that M. Rostand is a plagiarist. There does not appear to be the smallest resemblance between the ideas of Mr. Gross and those of M. Rostand; nevertheless, an action at law was instituted at Chicago, and the astonished Coquelin was cross-examined for two hours. It appears that, when he first heard of Mr. Gross's claim, he used the language of picturesque contumely. In court he expressed his regret for this, and embraced Mr. Gross, who, in his turn, handsomely withdrew some picturesque language of his own. I have not heard what the jury thought of the case. In affairs of art you can never tell what a jury may think. A jury of seventy-five citizens of New York State has decided that Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" is "unworthy of consideration"; that Burne-Jones's "Golden Stair" is "stilted and affected"; and that Sir Joshua's "Heads of Angels" is "pretty, but not effective." So the Chicago jury may have affirmed that Mr. Gross wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac," and that M. Rostand, who never heard of Gross and his genius, is a fraudulent imitator. But I am not without hope that the embrace of Mr. Gross and M. Coquelin gave the case a different turn, and led the jury to compromise by declaring Gross and Rostand to be illustrious collaborators.

But if you cannot wear a uniform without advertisement, or a *panache* without provocation, it seems that you mustn't wear a button-hole at all. Button-holes are not consistent with the prevalent mourning; but they had been doomed by fashion before the mourning began. I learn this from an interpreter of ornamental whims, who writes with confidence, and concedes with the florists and the flower-girls. The flower-girls still sit in a row under Mr. Alfred Gilbert's fountain in Piccadilly Circus, and offer you violets—"sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses"—as if no stroke of doom had fallen on the button-hole. I looked into a fashion article just now, and learned that a wonderful tea-gown was "modelled with splendid acumen." Well, the flower-girls go on modelling button-holes with an acumen that does not mean to let itself be thwarted. The writer of that fashion article offers the somewhat startling assurance that certain of her garments are "literally beyond redemption." She means, I infer with deference, that their perfection places them beyond the need of saving grace. Shall we not say as much for flowers? They keep the London street in winter from the heathendom of unmitigated grime, so that the flower-girl becomes a priestess and a guardian angel, who can smile at the presumption of fashion-mongers and the absurdity of their decrees.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS PEG WOFFINGTON  
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

To represent a great stage artist of other days, rendered for the purposes of some sentimental story a miracle of good-nature, if not of goodness, is always a favourite ambition with players of every age, and it is not surprising that Miss Marie Tempest should desire now to follow up her impersonation of Nell Gwyn with one of another famous comédienne of history, Mistress Peg Woffington. Unfortunately, this character, as drawn by Charles Reade (and brilliantly interpreted by Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Beere), is not at all suited to Miss Tempest's physique or personality—calls, indeed, for a display of virtuosity, emotional, pantomimic, and elocutionary, quite beyond her powers; and all we obtain from the new Peg may be summed up in a phrase—some pleasant comedy moments and some magnificent costumes. Nay, save for Mr. Frank Cooper—whose Triplet (not a starved-looking poet, by the way) is a quiet, natural, and dignified piece of acting—and Miss Sheldon, who makes the rakish hero's neglected wife a pretty and appealing figure, no member of Miss Tempest's present company—a company which includes Mr. Ben Webster and Mr. H. B. Warner—wins any particular distinction; and the Prince of Wales's production of "Peg Woffington," as this new version of "Masks and Faces" is styled, only emphasises the staginess of Taylor and Reade's old play—a comedy whereof the "manners" are merely bad, the "wit" is impertinent, the sentiment is ridiculously high flown, and the language is consistently inflated and artificial.

"PERIL" REVIVED AT THE GARRICK.

Not even the most earnest acting—and Mr. Bouchier has laboured to engage a suitable cast at the Garrick—can really vitalise so lifeless a piece of stage mechanism as "Peril," otherwise Sardou's "Nos Intimes." Its humours—those occasioned by the selfishness of guests who abuse disgracefully a friend's hospitality—are piled one upon another in most inartistic fashion; its emotions—those of a drawing-room melodrama, in which a married woman's honour is menaced—are involved in grotesque complications by reason of the heroine imagining the lover liable to heart disease, and so fearing to check his amorous advances. Still, the Garrick company, for the most part, does its best for the play. Mr. Brandon Thomas endows the genial host with hearty bonhomie, and puts considerable force into the scene in which the husband's jealousy is first aroused. Even happier is Mr. Fred Kerr in his unexaggerated sketch of the old Anglo-Indian curmudgeon, whom Mr. Tree was once fond of personating; while Mr. Leonard Boyne plays the shrewd but blundering Dr. Thornton in his neatest comedy manner. Finally, there is Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who makes a languishing and gracious heroine, but (unlike Miss Julia Neilson in the Haymarket revival) fails to bring sufficient vehemence into the great scene of the drama, mainly, no doubt, because she is associated therein with an actor, Mr. Graham Browne, who proves the mildest and most decorous of stage amorists, and so robs "Peril" of half its excitement.

THE SHROVE TUESDAY COVENT GARDEN BALL.

The second Covent Garden fancy-dress ball of the new reign, occurring, as it did, on Shrove Tuesday, that final day of mundane pleasure which precedes the sombre ecclesiastical season of Lent, was, for this time of mourning, a more than usually bright and joyous, though duly decorous affair. Naturally, it was an occasion of loyalty; for we have a new King, and Covent Garden never failed in devotion to the Crown. Naturally, the best designs had a loyal and topical reference, prizes, as usual, being shared, as far as invention was concerned, between Madame Vernon and Mr. Clarkson. The offer of a special souvenir to every lady present was hardly needed to ensure a good attendance. More than ever during this transition era do Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth merit thanks from their patrons.

"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE."

It is not surprising to learn that the adaptation of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" will be performed at the Comedy Theatre on Friday, Feb. 22, the trial matinée at the Strand on Tuesday, Feb. 12, having proved a great success. Mr. Grein and Miss Leonard have done their work so well that it is but rarely one detects the hand of the translator, and they have certainly succeeded in retaining most of the subtleties to be found in the original. As for the cast, Pailleron himself could not have wished a better exponent of little "mutine" Suzanne than Miss Nina Boucicault proved herself to be. Miss Susie Vaughan also played exceedingly well as the Duchesse, the one woman of human nature and common-sense amid a host of would-be pedants. The actors were not quite up to the standard of the actresses, but there was no lack of interest in the play—in fact, the last act, with its three amusing rendezvous in the conservatory, was particularly well received. At the fall of the curtain Mr. Grein made a short speech, and was very much applauded—not only, one may venture to think, for his admirable adaptation, but also for his characteristic enterprise in placing on the English stage what may certainly be termed a French classic.

The next exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society, of which the Queen is president, will be opened by Lord Roberts on March 25. Last year £400 was realised for the war and other charities by the exhibition, and there is every reason to anticipate that it will be equally successful this year.

At the Hotel Cecil the proprietors of Compin's Patent Springs gave a demonstration of the advantages claimed for M. Jules Compin's invention. The springs are adapted to take the place of the old-time spiral spring in the construction of seats in railway-carriages, omnibuses, hotel lounges, etc. By the new system the seats, instead of being stuffed and padded, are constructed of spring blades of tempered steel, suitably bent and arranged transversely. It is claimed that the seats will never become shapeless or uneven, and while retaining their rigidity, will remain elastic and buoyant.



## MUSIC.

The last Saturday Popular Concert began with a quartet in F major of Schumann, played by the Ysaye quartet, which has become quite familiar to English audiences in their consecutive Saturday appearances in the New Year. MM. Ysaye, Marchot, Van Hout, and Jacob are playing exceedingly well, and the rendering of this quartet was no exception. It is one of three string quartets composed in 1842, a year in which Schumann was fertile in instrumental chamber-music, for he produced two other string quartets, his fantasies, a quintet in E flat, and the pianoforte quartet, also in E flat. This F major piece is chiefly popular for its second movement, the andante quasi variazioni. The beautiful trio in B flat, scored for the piano, violin, and violoncello, was played by Miss Katherine Goodson, M. Ysaye, and M. Jacob, and roused almost as much enthusiasm as it gave when Schubert was present to hear the famous trio-players, Bochet, Schuppanzigh, and Linke. Then, we are told, Bochet was so enchanted with this trio that, rising from the piano, he knelt and kissed the hand of Schubert. Schumann, writing just after its publication and Schubert's death, says: "The new work is indeed a precious legacy. Many and beautiful as are the things which time brings forth, it will be long ere it produces another Schubert." Miss Katherine Goodson played far better in this trio than she did in her solo, a sonata in A major of Mozart. Her notes are clear, and she plays gracefully and very accurately, which gives a finished, polished result, but one a little mechanical. M. Ysaye played two solos so beautifully that an encore was inevitable.

Mr. Algy Rosenthal gave a successful piano recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 12. He played brilliantly and clearly, and gave a long and varied programme that showed great flexibility of style. It was made up of Beethoven—the "Sonata Appassionata"—Chopin, Paderewski, Grieg, Scarlatti, and Liszt. The strain of such a recital on a comparatively young pianist must be enormous.

Mr. Reginald Davidson gave a "Grand" Concert on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 14, at the Salle Erard. What the significance of "grand" exactly is I do not know, but if it meant the interpolation into a light programme of indifferent music of the long and difficult sonata in B minor of Chopin, played very inaccurately by Mr. Willy Scott, then the audience might have been content with a less "grand" one. The audience considered itself cheated; for the sonata was slipped in between too short songs, with no indication of its many and its long movements, and never did greater restlessness capture and master the politeness and the quivering nerves of a large audience. Mr. Reginald Davidson has, however, a pleasing voice, well trained, though a little unequal, and sang very nicely "How deep the Slumber of the Floods," by G. L., and "In Her Garden," by Logé, as well as in a duet, "Break, Diviner Light," by F. Allitsen.

The London Sunday School Choir and the orchestra of that same excellent institution gave an evening concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, Feb. 16. The hall was filled entirely long before the concert began, at 6.30, and as every item was encored, except, happily, the Funeral March of Chopin, played in respect for Queen Victoria, through which everyone naturally stood, and a long hymn in which the audience gladly joined, the programme was unduly long. The choir and the orchestra brought a great amount of energy into their work, and as the choir is apparently recruited from all parts of England, and has over one thousand voices, it was strange that it had not greater vitality. The chorus-singing was pure and accurate, but toneless and very monotonous.

Two charitable concerts were fortunate in the ready response they met with from the public. One was a Café Chantant held on Wednesday, Feb. 13, in the Galleries of the British Artists in aid of the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. It realised £160, partly owing to the generosity not only of the artists, who gave their services, but of the committee, who defrayed all the incidental expenses. The programme was chiefly marked by its divergence from the printed items, but that made none the less an enjoyable performance. Miss Janet Duff sang delightfully "My Brown Boy" of Korbay and "Wie bist du, meine Königin?" of Brahms. Miss Ellen Bowick recited very charmingly. Signor Zardo's singing of Tosti's "Rosa" was faultless, and Miss Osborne Williams sang very nicely "Love, the Pedlar," by German.

The second of the concerts was for the "Princess of Wales's" Fund and for the benefit of a professional in sore distress, and was on Monday, Feb. 18, in the Salle Erard. Mr. W. Squire played some beautiful cello solos, notably one of Cui, "Cantabile," and Dunkler's "Chanson à Boire." Mr. Boor and Mr. M. Dene sang some delightful duets, and Mr. Dene Mr. Lambert's graceful song, "The Night has a Thousand Eyes." Miss Sybil Carlisle and Mr. Waring gave a most amusing "Dolly Dialogue," and Mr. Herz baffled his insular audience by a rapid, nervous flow of French in reciting a speech from "Cyrano de Bergerac." M. I. H.

## GOLDEN WEDDING.

Fifty years ago, on 20th February, 1851, we were married at Bray-on-Thames, the Baron De Ferrieres, now of Cheltenham, to Annie Sheepshanks, then of Harrogate. "Goodness and Mercy have followed us all the days of our life."

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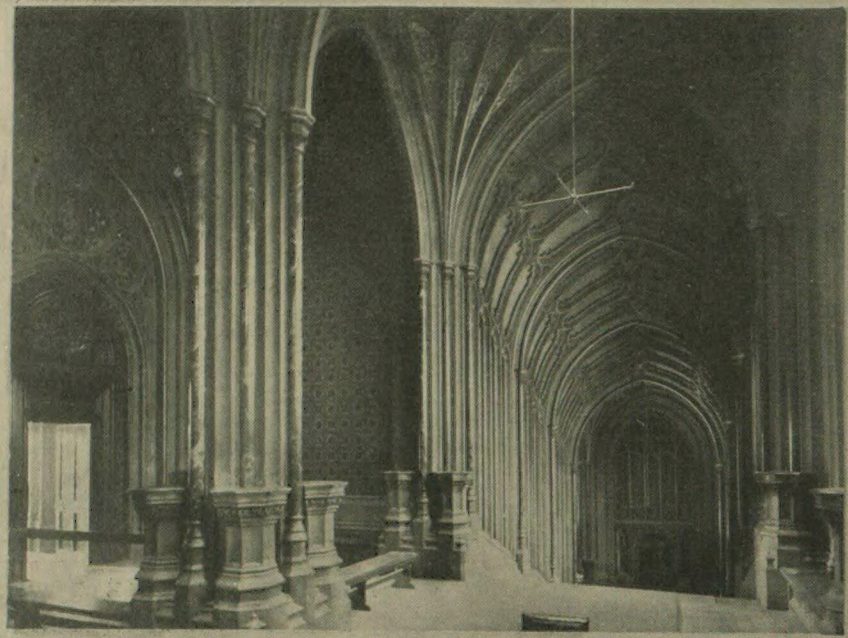
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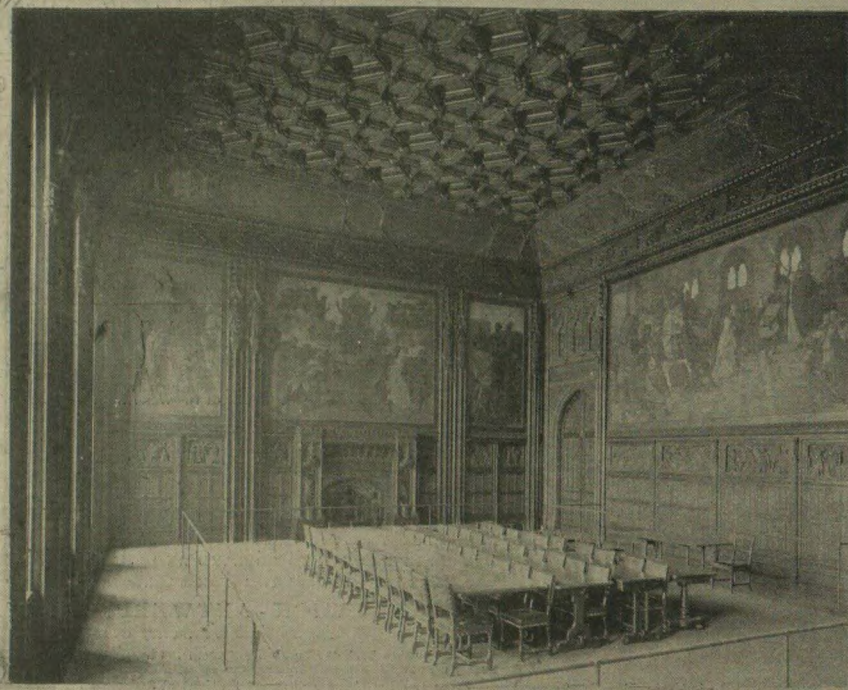
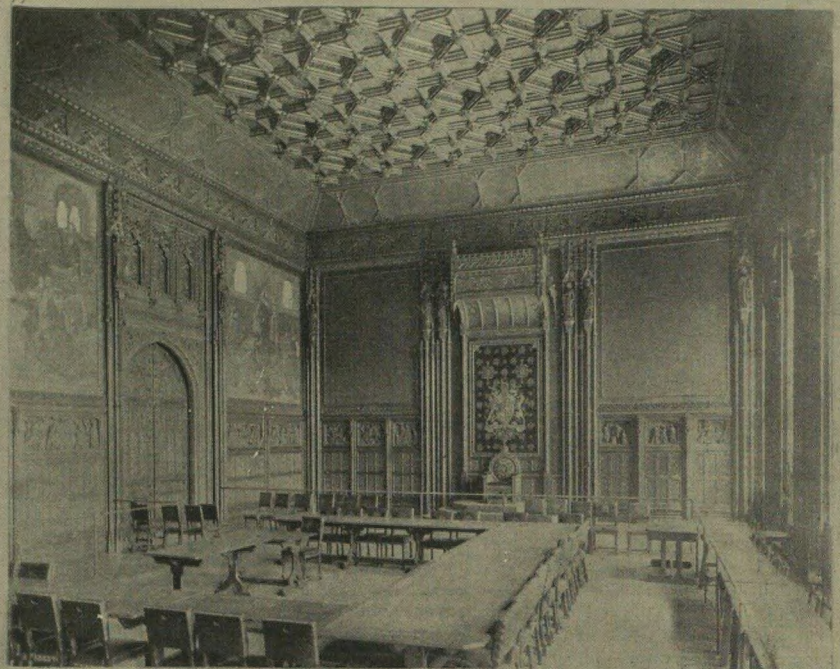
TWICE DAILY, 3 and 8, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Great success of the New Patriotic Anthem, "GOD SAVE OUR KING." Sung by Clemat Stewart and Full Chorus. LONDON'S MINSTRELS.



# THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



EDWARD VII REX



1. Staircase by which their Majesties Entered Westminster Palace.

2. The Robing-Room.

3. The Robing-Room, another View.

4. The Victoria Tower.

5. The Royal Procession Arriving at Westminster Palace.

SCENES AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEARD.





KING EDWARD VII. AND THE RAILWAY COLLECTING-DOG "TIM" AT PADDINGTON.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. G. AMATO.

"Tim," an Irish Terrier, the property of Inspector Bush, has collected nearly £700 for the Great Western Railway Servants' Widows and Orphans Fund. Her late Majesty on her journeys used to contribute to his collecting-box, and last Monday the King called "Tim" up and gave him some gold pieces.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The pageantry of State ceremonial, so long absent from the life of the Metropolis, was restored, with no detail of splendour wanting, on Thursday, February 14, when King Edward VII., accompanied by his Consort, Queen Alexandra, proceeded from Buckingham Palace to the Palace of Westminster to open the first Parliament of his reign. The public interest in the ceremony was, of course, intense, and from an early hour, despite the piercing weather, crowds had begun to assemble along the line of route. At eleven o'clock the principal coigns of vantage were densely packed, and the rule of "first come first served" found a striking exemplification. The crowd, however, was in the best of humour, and it said much for the gallantry of the British sightseer that the best positions had been almost entirely yielded to ladies. Shortly before half-past one, the hour fixed for the departure of the procession, the King and Queen drove in private carriages, of the kind officially known as the town coach, from Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace. Exactly at half-past one the royal procession emerged from the gates of Buckingham Palace. The State coach had not been seen in the public streets since 1861, when Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, proceeded to Westminster to open Parliament in State. This ancient and honourable chariot had been entirely renovated for the present occasion, and presented a truly resplendent appearance in its blaze of gilding. The coach was drawn by the eight cream Hanoverian horses already very familiar to the London public. Possibly, the most interesting detachment among the troops lining the route was that detailed from Strathcona's Horse, now on a visit to London on their way home from South Africa to the far North-West of Canada. The troopers formed a picturesque group near the foot of Constitution Hill. As the King and Queen passed on their way to Westminster, they were everywhere received with enthusiasm by the populace, who welcomed not only the new Sovereign and his Consort, but the return of a more brilliant Court life than the present generation has known. Punctually at the appointed hour, two o'clock, their Majesties arrived at the Victoria Tower. As they alighted, the Royal Standard was unfurled on the Palace flagstaff, and at the same moment the first gun of the royal salute was fired by the Royal Horse Artillery stationed in St. James's Park.

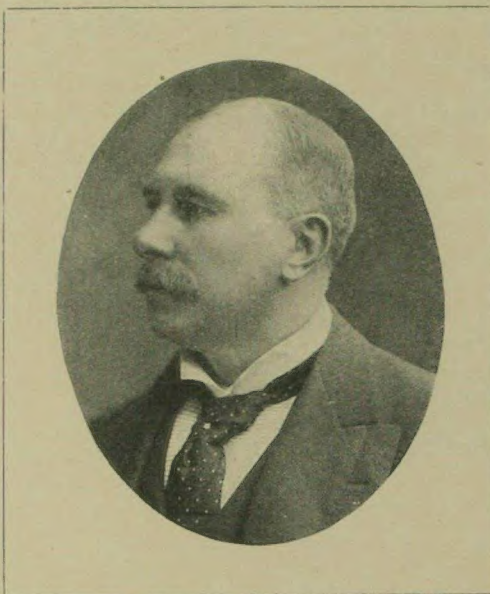
Within Westminster Palace a brilliant assemblage had already gathered, peers in their robes, and peeresses in the most splendid attire compatible with the present Court mourning. At the Victoria Tower entrance their Majesties were received by the Lord Chancellor, and immediately proceeded along the Gallery to the Robing-Room. Thence, after a short interval, emerged a brilliant procession. First came the Pursuivants and Heralds, followed by the High Officers of the Household; then Lord Salisbury, after whom walked the Lord Chancellor. The Gentlemen Ushers of the Black Rod and the Duke of Norfolk were next in order; and then, bearing the up-lifted Sword of State, came the Marquis of Londonderry. Close to him was the Duke of Devonshire, who carried the Imperial Crown, and then followed the Marquis of Winchester with the Cap of Maintenance. The King and Queen now entered and moved, hand-in-hand, to their appointed seats under the gilded canopy. As the procession advanced it was noted with regret that the Duke of York was absent, his health rendering it impossible for him to attend. The ceremony was opened by the King repeating after the Lord Chancellor the customary declaration against the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. At the conclusion, his Majesty kissed the Book and signed the declaration on a scroll, presented by the Lord Chancellor kneeling.

Then, at the King's bidding, Black Rod summoned the Commons, and his Majesty immediately proceeded to deliver his speech, in which he outlined the scheme of legislation to be laid before Parliament during the present Session. The speech ended, his Majesty sat down for a few moments, and then, again taking the Queen by the hand, withdrew from the Upper Chamber. The whole ceremony occupied

somewhat less than three-quarters of an hour, and at its conclusion their Majesties returned in procession to Buckingham Palace.

## THE KING AND THE G.W.R.

Last Saturday the King paid a high compliment to the professional ability of Mr. Joseph Loftus Wilkinson, the General Manager of the Great Western. Never have quite so many royal and distinguished personages traversed the

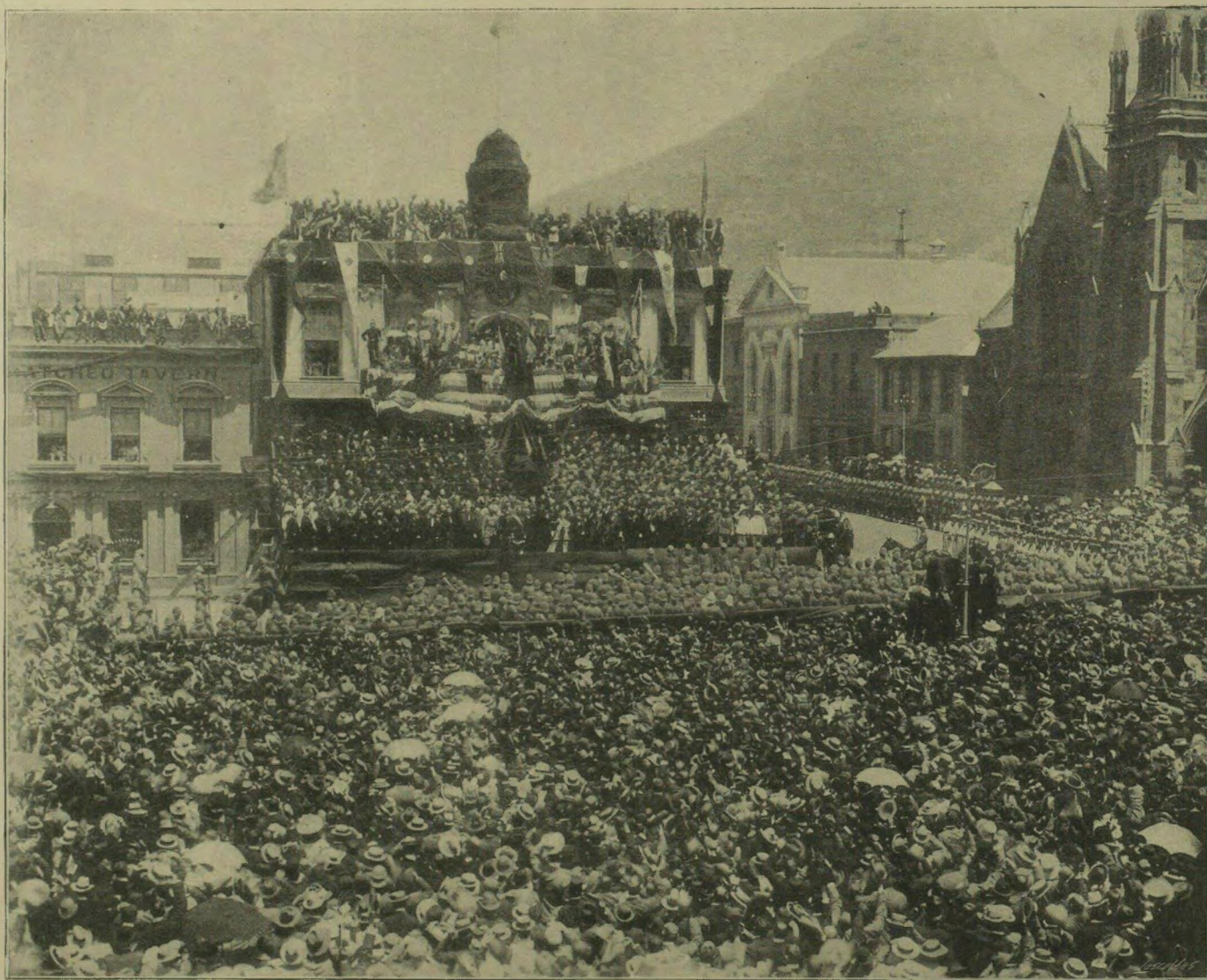


MR. J. L. WILKINSON.  
MANAGER OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

same ground together before Funeral Saturday. Fortunately the experience of Mr. Wilkinson was quite equal to the strain. In connection with the King's recent journeys, we illustrate the interesting incident at Paddington last Monday, when the Great Western Railway Collecting-Dog, "Tim," always a favourite with Queen Victoria, and a recipient of her bounty, was brought up to the King, who dropped some gold pieces into his collecting-box.

## PROCLAMATION AT CAPE TOWN.

At noon on Jan. 26, King Edward VII. was publicly proclaimed at the Town House, Cape Town. The Governor



KING EDWARD VII. PROCLAIMED AT CAPE TOWN.

After the Proclamation Sir Alfred Milner cried "God save the King!" and the crowd took up the cry with acclamation.

and chief colonial officials were in attendance. The ceremony took place on the steps of the Municipal Buildings, in the presence of a dense concourse of people, Main Square and the balconies and windows of the adjacent buildings being packed with thousands of spectators. After the reading of the Proclamation, Sir Alfred Milner cried "God save the King!" The cry was at once taken up by the crowd, and three cheers were afterwards given for the new Sovereign. The National Anthem was played, and a royal salute fired at the Castle. The enthusiasm gave the happiest augury for the loyalty of Cape Colony to the Crown.

## THE KING AND STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

Seldom do the first days of a monarch's reign offer him so brilliant an opportunity of meeting representatives of his forces and of his remoter subjects at once as his Majesty had on February 15. That gallant Canadian corps, Strathcona's Horse, newly from South Africa, were inspected by the King on the lawn of Buckingham Palace, and received from him the medals for the campaign and a new colour. Edward VII., having his Consort on his right, addressed the officers and men from the terrace, the Canadians (under the command of Colonel Steele) being enclosed in a kind of hollow square by the Grenadier Guards. There were also present the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the royal family; Lord Roberts, Lord Strathcona, Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, Mr. Chamberlain, and other notable men and women. Previous to the presentation the King inspected the troops, walking along the ranks with his suite. In his fervent address Edward VII. welcomed Colonel Steele and his men, and congratulated them. "I am glad," his Majesty added, "that Lord Strathcona is here to-day, as it is owing to him that this magnificent force was equipped and sent out. . . . Be assured that neither I nor the British nation will ever forget the valuable services you have rendered in South Africa."

## PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

The opening of the Session finds the Government with a programme of legislation that will probably begin and end with Army reform. Declarations by Ministers in both Houses were noteworthy chiefly for the energetic repudiation of any compromise in South Africa. Lord Salisbury said that the policy of the Government was opposed in this country by "noisy fanatics." Mr. Balfour attributed to the Opposition the responsibility of prolonging the war by speeches and writings that would not fail to encourage the resistance of the Boers. Mr. Bryce denied that anything said or written here had any influence in South Africa, a denial that excited no little surprise. He held that the Boers should receive a definite assurance that they would be allowed to administer the Transvaal "according to their own ideas." Something like the Australian colonial system seemed to Mr. Bryce and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to be exactly suited to the Transvaal and the Orange Colony immediately after the war; but the Opposition leader abstained from embodying this suggestion in an amendment to the Address. Mr. Lloyd-George, who had an amendment, withdrew it, but made a violent speech, in the course of which he called General Bruce Hamilton "a brute" and a disgrace to the British uniform. Mr. Chamberlain said he had no fresh proposals to make to the Boers, and he was charged by Mr. Asquith with using needless provocation. It came out in the debate that on Sept. 17 the British Commissioners at Kroonstad had an interview with De Wet, who declared that no terms short of absolute independence would ever be accepted by the Boers.

In a discussion of the Chinese question, Lord Cranborne stated that the British and Russian Governments were in perfect accord. An incidental debate was raised by Mr. Dillon, who moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the Under-Secretary's refusal to answer "supplemental" inquiries about China, that is, questions of which no notice had been given. Lord Cranborne said he was instructed by the Leader of the House not to answer, and the Opposition maintained that such instruction was a breach of the privilege of free inquiry. So tenacious is the House of Commons of its rights that the Government majority fell to 45. The Irish members have thrown out storm-signals.

Mr. J. O'Donnell, a new member, addressed the House in Irish. He was told by the Speaker that this was out of order, and that nothing but English had been spoken in Parliament for six hundred years. Mr. John Redmond claimed that Mr. O'Donnell had a right to speak the tongue he knew best, and Mr. Murphy said that only in Irish could the Irish members express their feelings "exactly." The Speaker remained inexorable, and Mr. O'Donnell was advised by Mr. Redmond never to speak in English. This raises a hope that Mr. O'Donnell will be heard no more at Westminster.

Photo. Peters, Cape Town.



## PERSONAL.

Sir Robert Hart has protested strongly against the action of the Italian Legation at Peking in appropriating the site of the Chinese Maritime Customs. Several of the Legations appear to be spreading themselves for the purpose of constructing veritable fortresses, which shall not be caught napping in any future outbreak of Chinese fanaticism. The delicate question of proprietary rights does not seem to be engaging the attention of the Powers.

Victoria Crosses will not lose anything of their glory by the fact that the monarch who gave them her name

has passed away. Events so shaped themselves that the last year of her life was marked by the distribution of these badges "for valour" in larger numbers, perhaps, than ever before. The last list of heroes thus distinguished was issued only a few days before the end of her reign. Major E. D. Brown, of the 14th Hussars, qualified himself in South Africa, at Geluk, during the month of October last year.

When the enemy was within 400 yards, bringing a heavy fire to bear, the Major, seeing Sergeant Hersey's horse was shot, stopped to help him to mount behind, and carried him for three-quarters of a mile to a place of safety. The Major also enabled Lieutenant Browne to mount; and, as a third act of gallantry, carried out of action Lance-Corporal-Trumpeter Leigh.

It is in the fitness of things that the gallant troopers of Strathcona's Horse, whom we have recently welcomed

Sergeant John Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, employed with the West African Frontier Force, won his Cross by gallantry in action at Dompouasi in the Ashanti fighting of last June. After working two Maxim guns under hot fire, and being wounded while doing so, he volunteered to clear the stockades of the enemy, which he did, leading the charge himself, and driving the enemy headlong into the bush. In the despatches of Colonel Sir James Willcocks his splendid courage at the head of his Haussas has its record. It has its reward, too, not only in the Victoria Cross, but in the commission also bestowed upon him.

Lieutenant W. H. S. Nickerson, of the Army Medical Corps, who has won the Victoria Cross, took his degree of M.B., Ch.B., at Owens College, Manchester, in July 1896. At the end of last year he was with the patrol of the 9th Mounted Infantry and 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, under Colonel Sitwell, when the party of eighty suddenly came upon 2000 Boers some twenty miles from the Ventersburg Road. When Lieutenant Spedding, of the Royal Irish Rifles, with fourteen men, entered a cattle-kraal to check 400 of the Boers who were pursuing the party, Lieutenant Nickerson voluntarily remained with them to attend the wounded, as shown in *The Illustrated London News* of Jan. 19 last. With the few survivors, he was taken prisoner. The special service for which he was awarded the V.C. is given in the *Gazette* as follows: "At Wakkerstroom, on the evening of 20th

against the Post Office. Public opinion compelled that department to renew the license of the private messenger service, but it is well known that the Post Office looks on it with a most unfriendly eye. The District Messengers Company ought surely to obtain sufficient Parliamentary support for a proposal which will guarantee a considerable royalty to the Post Office. It is the night service that is of the utmost importance, and for this the authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand have never offered a substitute.

Valour in South Africa has won a Victoria Cross for Lieutenant A. C. Doxat, of the 3rd Battalion Imperial Yeomanry. Last October, near Zeerust, he reconnoitred with a party of mounted infantry, a position held by a hundred Boers. These opened, at three hundred yards, a heavy fire on Lieutenant Doxat's party, which then retired, leaving one of their number, who had lost his horse. The Lieutenant galloped back in a moment to the rescue, which he successfully made. With Lieutenant Doxat rests the additional honour of being the first of the Imperial Yeomen to win the most prized of army decorations.

After the debate on the Address, the chief business of the House of Commons will be the new Civil List. There is no certainty as to the proposals of the Government, but it is rumoured that Parliament will not be asked for any more money than was assigned to the Crown at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. On the other hand,



Photo. Knight.

MAJOR E. D. BROWN,  
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Geluk.

Photo. MacMahon, Liverpool.

SERGEANT J. MACKENZIE,  
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry in Ashanti.

Photo. Gibbs.

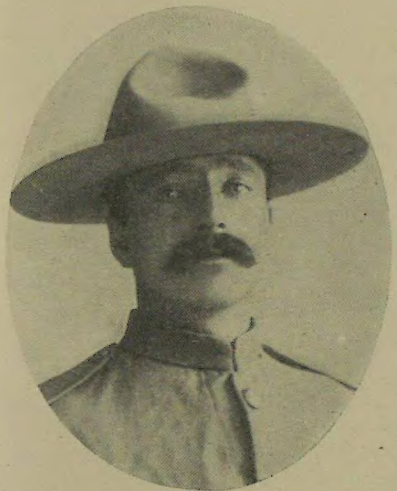
LIEUTENANT A. C. DOXAT,  
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Zeerust.

Photo. Stuart.

SERGEANT A. H. L. RICHARDSON,  
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Standerton.

Photo. Russell.

LIEUTENANT W. H. S. NICKERSON,  
First V.C. created by the King.

Photo. Forbes, Dublin.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE,  
Awarded D.S.O. for Gallantry in Ashanti.

Photo. Gibbs.

LIEUTENANT H. VINCENT SHORTLAND,  
Awarded D.S.O. for Gallantry in Ashanti.

to London, should take home with them at least one Victoria Cross. The distinction was won for his regiment by Sergeant A. H. L. Richardson, who on July 8 last year, at Standerton, rode back under a very heavy cross-fire to rescue a wounded trooper. To-day Lord Strathcona's men are at Liverpool, where they are the guests of the Lord Mayor at a reception in St. George's Hall.

Private (now Corporal) A. E. Curtis, 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, won his Cross in Natal in February last year. Colonel Harris had been lying wounded on the veldt under close observation of Boers behind a breastwork, ready to make a target of any man who moved. Private Curtis, undaunted, went to the Colonel, bound his arm, and gave him his flask. He then tried to carry the Colonel, but finding the load too much for him, he hailed Private Morton, with whom he joined hands to make a chair, on which they together

carried the Colonel out of range. The Colonel begged them to leave him, but this the gallant fellows refused to do. It was the 2nd East Surrey's hardest day, eighty men in all being killed and wounded.

Professor Flinders Petrie suggests that means should be taken to prevent the fall of any more pillars at Stonehenge. He thinks that the fallen stones should be left alone. The utmost care will have to be exercised so as to prevent fresh damage by unskilful workmanship.

April, 1900, during the advance of the infantry to support the mounted troops, Lieutenant Nickerson went, in the most gallant manner, under a heavy rifle and shell fire, to attend a wounded man, dressed his wounds, and remained with him till he had him conveyed to a place of safety."

The German practice of duelling has led to a crime which has no parallel. The brother of a Lieutenant was in danger of being challenged to a duel by an expert shot. Knowing that his brother would have no chance against such an antagonist, the Lieutenant called on that officer and deliberately murdered him. The motive was duly weighed by a tribunal, and it reduced the penalty of murder to twelve years' penal servitude. Unhappily there seems little chance that this lamentable case will have any effect on military opinion in Germany.

Among the recipients of the Distinguished Service Order in recognition of good work done in Ashanti are Lieutenant Henry Vincent Shortland, 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, and Captain John Ernest Charles James Cochrane, of the Donegal Artillery, and Captain James Henry Edward Holford, 7th Hussars. The last-named officer is in his thirty-seventh year, and is the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Holford, of Castle Hill, Dorset, a former High Sheriff of that county.

The District Messengers Company are promoting a Bill in Parliament to secure themselves

it is maintained that the increase in the value of the property which the Queen surrendered to the nation will justify an increase of the Civil List to half a million.

Mr. Balfour made the important statement in the House of Commons that the King has no debts. This was necessary in view of the wild rumours as to the supposed liabilities that Parliament would have to liquidate.

Lieutenant E. T. Inkson, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, won his V.C. in the following manner: In February last year he lifted up Second Lieutenant Devenish, who was severely wounded and unable to walk, and carried him over exposed ground to a place of safety. Lieutenant Inkson is twenty-nine years of age, and his commission in the corps to which he and Lieutenant Nickerson have brought so much well merited distinction dates from two years ago. Before proceeding to South Africa he was stationed at Aldershot. Earlier in the war, it will be remembered, another member of the R.A.M.C., Major Babbie, won the Victoria Cross.

It is worthy of note that while much is said in this country about offering the Boers "honourable terms," Mr. Kruger and his friends in Holland openly scoff at any idea of a compromise. They say that no terms can be accepted which do not give the Boers full independence. The absurdity of this has been pointed out to De Wet by his brother, Piet; but it is nevertheless repeated in the House of Commons as if it were the highest statesmanship.



Photo. Wildman, Woking.

CORPORAL A. E. CURTIS,  
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry in Natal.

Photo. Mayall.

CAPTAIN J. E. H. HOLFORD,  
Awarded D.S.O. for Gallantry in Ashanti.

Photo. Knight.

LIEUTENANT E. T. INKSON,  
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry in South Africa.



KING EDWARD VII. AND HIS CANADIAN SOLDIERS.



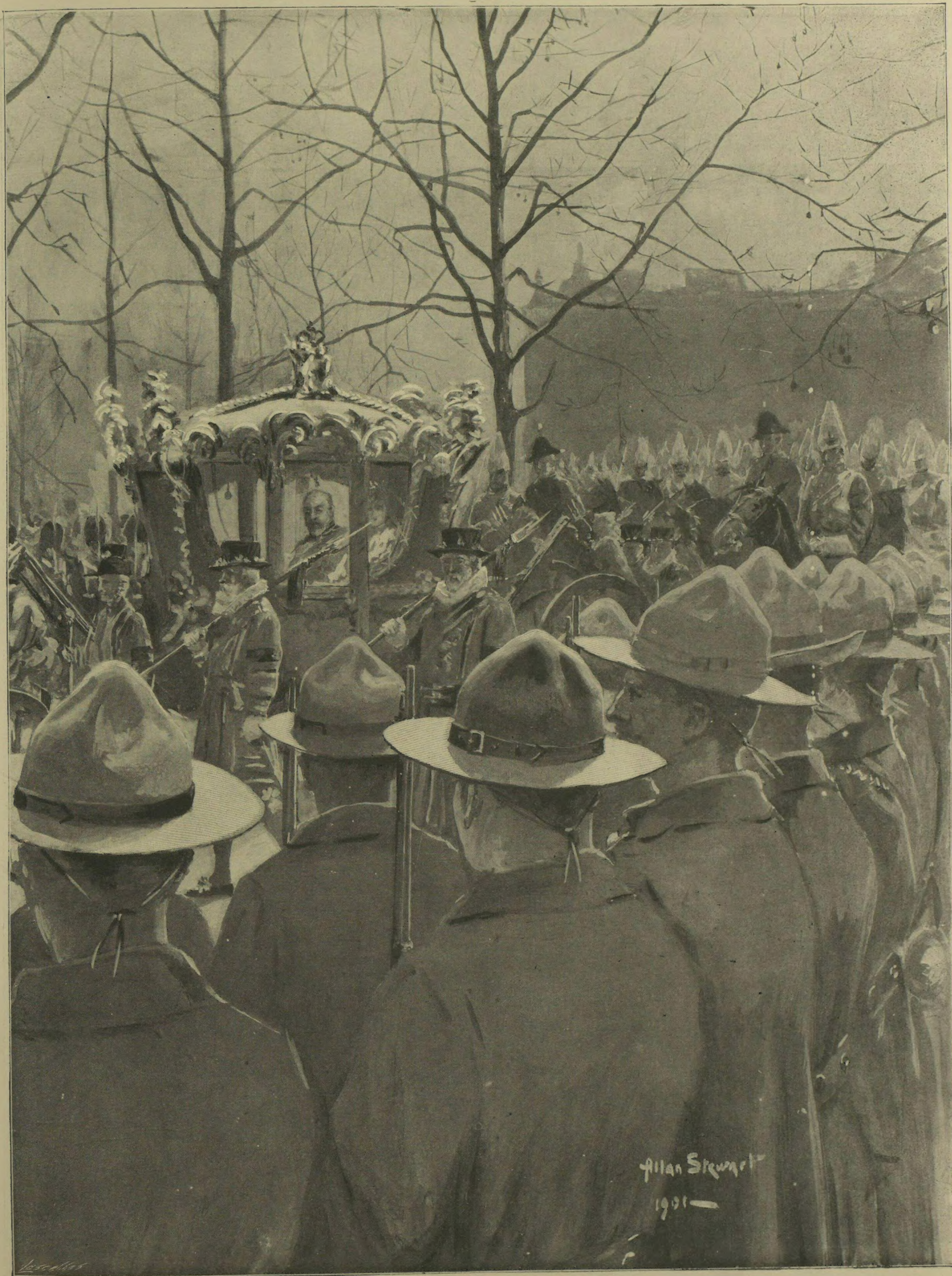
HIS MAJESTY PRESENTING MEDALS AND A NEW COLOUR TO STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON FEBRUARY 15.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALLAN STEWART.

*Each Canadian received a medal for his services. Then the presentation of the colour was made. "It was the intention of my late mother," said his Majesty, "to present this colour. Guard it in her name and mine."*



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII'S FIRST PARLIAMENT



THE KING AND HIS LOYAL CANADIANS: THE STATE CARRIAGE PASSING THE DETACHMENT OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALLAN STEWART.

*A detachment of Strathcona's Horse, now on the way back to Canada from South Africa, was detailed to line the route in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace.*



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.



ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY FIRING A SALUTE OF FORTY-ONE GUNS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. RALPH CLEAVER.

*At two o'clock, the moment when the King crossed the threshold of the House of Lords, the first gun was fired and the Royal Standard was unfurled on the Victoria Tower of Westminster Palace.*



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.



HIS MAJESTY'S JUDGES PASSING INTO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWARD READ.



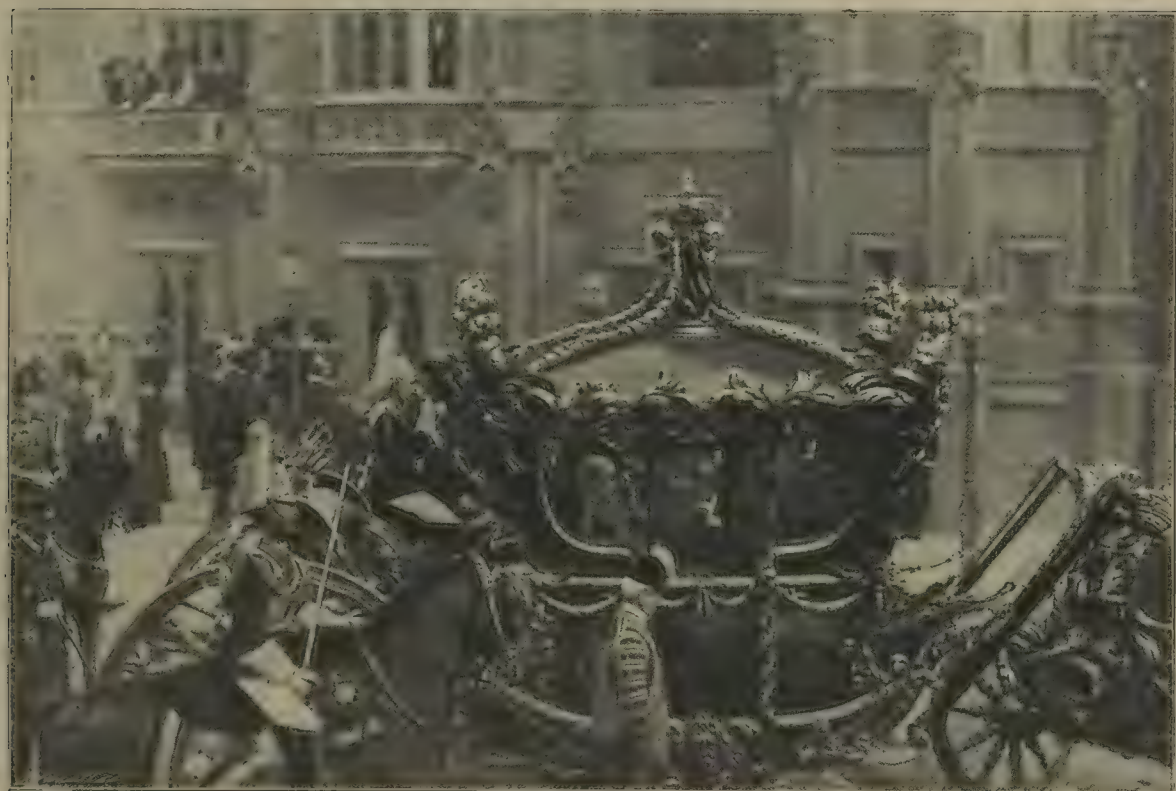
THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.



SCOTS GUARDS AND BAND TAKING UP THEIR POSITION OPPOSITE THE VICTORIA TOWER.



ARRIVAL OF THE STATE COACH AT THE VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER PALACE.



KING EDWARD VII. IN THE STATE COACH.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE STATE COACH.



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA PASSING ALONG THE ROYAL GALLERY, WESTMINSTER PALACE, ON THEIR WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BEGG.



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST PARLIAMENT



THE STATE COACH OF EDWARD VII. PASSING HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. G. AMATO.



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.



KING EDWARD VII. RECEIVED BY THE LORD CHANCELLOR AT THE ENTRANCE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. G. AMATO.



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.



A LEGACY OF GUY FAWKES: SEARCHING THE VAULTS AT WESTMINSTER PALACE BEFORE THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. G. AMATO.



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST PARLIAMENT



THE SPEAKER AND THE COMMONS AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD VII'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.



THE KING SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF HIS ADHERENCE TO THE PROTESTANT RELIGION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

*"I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever."*



ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The two principal events in Paris last week were the strike of the ladies' tailors—in which a great many of the women workers joined—and the marriage of M. Paul Deschanel, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, with Mlle. Germaine Brice, the daughter of a well-known Republican member of the French Commons. At the time of writing, the first-named affair is not at an end, and, although a good-natured consideration of the complications its settlement is likely to involve would probably be amusing, I must forego the pleasure of dealing exhaustively with it in favour of the other. In reality, the social and political philosophy—largely diluted with rose-water at my hands—underlying both episodes is the same. It is an amalgam of the philosophy of Democritus, who made haste to laugh lest he should be compelled to weep, and of Heraclitus, who made it a point to cry lest he should be tempted to chuckle—not to say roar.

Thirty years of Republican régime, founded nominally upon the theory of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" for everybody, has virtually produced the reverse of all three principles in every relation of French life. Liberty in the questions between capital and labour has resulted in a generally final appeal to coercion on both sides—coercion which, in spite of its externally peaceful methods, is, nevertheless, coercion. Workmen theoretically combine, but woe to those who refuse to join the combination! By means of a system euphemistically termed "picketing," they are hampered in the exercise of their free will, and must consider themselves fortunate if no worse befall them in the enforcement of fraternity than having the word "blacklegs" flung at them. Equality is construed into a method of compelling employers to pay artisans and pseudo skilled craftsmen the same amount of wages, without reference to their respective degrees of excellence or capacity for bungling. The workman is not only supposed to be worthy of his hire, but the amount of it is determined not by his own individual worthiness, but by an average unworthiness of those who spout instead of working. I know that these conditions prevail elsewhere, yet they are not dignified by the pompous motto of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

Thus much for the inner significance of the motto as enforced by the Republican masses. Let us see how it "pans out," as the Yankees have it, in the case of the "Republican noblesse." (The expression is not mine, but that of Madame Floquet, the wife of the deceased shining light of the Third Republic.) I am willing to admit that the term is not altogether a boastful one. There is a Republican noblesse. The Carnots, the Cavaignacs, the Casimir-Periers belong to it. Their ancestors earned the distinction by battling for the Republic three generations ago, as the Hohenzollerns, the Hohenstaufens, and the Hapsburgs won their titles and domains centuries since by deeds of valour which eventually made them the founders of monarchies.

Of course the original Republican "patriciate" has been augmented by men who, like the aristocracy of nearly all civilised countries, gained their titles of admission to it by bloodless deeds of real or assumed worth. At the advent of a new Ministry many men receive titles and dignities for their conscientious, or maybe interested, opposition to the one which disappeared; and the Floquets, the Brissons, the Gambettas, the Ferrys had no other claim than such a one. They worried the Second Empire, and finally worried it into a disastrous war—as a possible relief from their importunities. There is not one of these who ever risked his skin, let alone his life, for the principles he professed to advocate. When the place became too hot to hold them, they went into voluntary exile, or were conducted across the frontier; but this absence was accounted to them for much at the foundation of the Third Republic, when they all reappeared like flies round an overturned cask of sugar or treacle. Professor Deschanel spent several years in Brussels while the Second Empire was flourishing, and there his son, the President of the Chamber, was born. Naturally, when M. Paul Deschanel arrived at manhood's estate, he adopted the political opinions of his sire, and one does not clearly perceive what other principles he could have adopted, if politics were to constitute an integral part of his career.

That career has been very successful. M. Paul Deschanel is under fifty; he is a member of the Institute of France, and has been for several years President of the Chamber of Deputies, which functions may eventually lead to his occupancy of the Presidential Chair of the Third Republic. It would be idle to deny M. Deschanel a certain amount of ability, though I refuse categorically to credit him with the ability of the late Jules Grévy, and least of all with that of Dupin aîné, who was the President of the Chamber of Deputies during the greater part of the short-lived Second Republic. M. Deschanel is not an abler man than M. Henri Brisson, whom he has defeated several times in the elections for a Speaker of the French Commons. He is about as able as was M. Charles Floquet, and is even more decorative than he, being younger and more naturally elegant.

M. Brisson is a Spartan, and dull, at any rate in public. M. Floquet was not that, but M. Deschanel belongs by right to the "jeunesse républicaine dorée," whose members are the practical negation of Republican simplicity. He is the *jeune premier* of the Palais Bourbon, just as M. Le Bargy is the *jeune premier* of the Comédie Française. At the latter's marriage there was great excitement in certain circles in Paris which have become tired of Republican humdrum frugality and equality from a decorative and parade-like point of view. M. Le Bargy is, however, only an actor in the strictest term; M. Deschanel presides over the performance of the comedy of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" at the Legislature, and to show how true to life that comedy is, his wedding has been celebrated, as far as sartorial, ornamental, and ceremonial conditions go, with all the pomp and circumstance formerly displayed at the nuptials of the Dauphins of France.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- L DESANGERS.—If Black play 1. P to K 5th, the Queen can mate in two places as well as the Bishop. This is a serious dual in a two-move problem.
- R M HALEY (Lancaster).—Yes, the short mate is quite allowable if Black does not choose to play his best. In theory he is supposed to do his very utmost to escape mate, and not make merely blind and blundering moves.
- C E P.—The acknowledgment of your solution of No. 2961 is given below, if it has not previously appeared. You will have to try No. 2964 again.
- A C VON E (Balliol College).—No. 2964 is quite sound, and well merits careful study.
- J SCOTT BOYD.—We very much regret the inaccuracy on the former occasion.
- R S W, F DALBY, AND MANY OTHERS.—Mr. Mackay's cleverly constructed problem cannot be solved by 1. B to R 2nd.
- CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2960 received from Percy Charles (New York); of No. 2962 from Emile Frau (Lyons), W H Lunn (Cheltenham), J Bailey (Newark), Joseph Orford (Liverpool), and F J Candy (Lamb edge Wells); of No. 2963 from W H Bohn (Worthing) Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), F J Candy, J Bailey, Emile Frau, H S Brandreth (Rome), and Edward J Sharpe.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2964 received from W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R Worters (Canterbury), Edward J Sharpe, W H Bohn (Worthing), H Le Jeune, F W Moore (Brighton), Miss D Gregson, Henry A Donovan (Listowel), Sorrento, F H Marsh (Bridport), Joseph Dean, and W A Lillieo (Edinburgh).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2963.—By A. G. FELLOWS.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Q to Kt 5th. P to K 4th

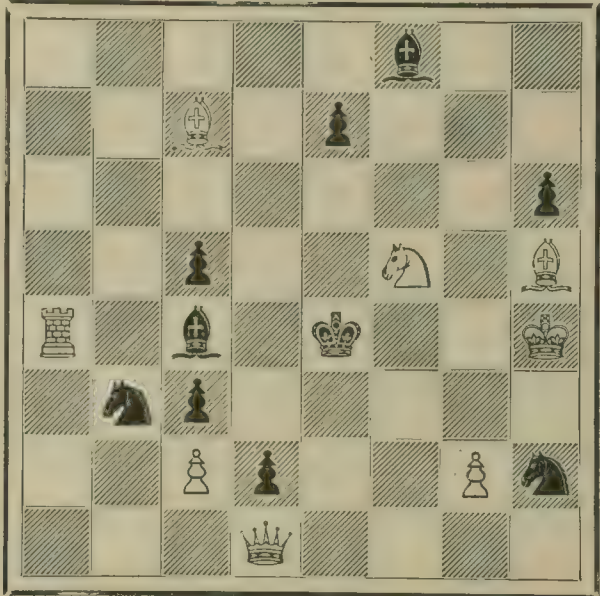
2. Q takes P (ch). K moves

3. Mates.

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. Kt to K 5th (ch), and if 1. P to Q 3rd, then 2. Q takes B (ch), and 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2966.—By C. BURNETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. J. H. BLACKBURNE and J. MIESER.

(Sicilian Opening.)

- |   |                |  |                |
|---|----------------|--|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. B.)                                | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. B.)   | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th                                 | P to Q 4th     | won by advantage of position, and the gain of material is very slight for a long period. |                |
| 2. P takes P                                  | Q takes P      |  |                |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd                              | Q to Q sq      |  |                |
| 4. P to K Kt 3rd                              | P to K 4th     |  |                |
| 5. B to Kt 2nd                                | P to Q 3rd     | 18. Q takes Q  | P takes Kt     |
| 6. Kt to B 3rd                                | B to Q 3rd     | 20. B takes B  | K Kt takes Q   |
| 7. P to Q 4th                                 | P takes P      | 21. B to Q 6th   | K R to K sq    |
| 8. Q takes P                                  | B to K 2nd     | 22. P to R 3rd   | Q R to Q sq    |
| If Q takes P the Queen is lost by B to B 3rd. |                | 23. Kt to Q 4th  | B to Q 2nd     |
| 9. Q to Q R 4th                               | Kt to B 3rd    | 24. Q R to B sq  | B to B sq      |
| 10. Castles                                   | Castles        | 25. B to B sq  | R to Q 2nd     |
| 11. R to Q sq                                 | Q to Kt 3rd    | 26. Kt takes P   | K R to Q sq    |
| 12. Q to B 2nd                                | Kt to R 3rd    | 27. B to K 2nd   | P to Q Kt 3rd  |
| 13. P to Q R 3rd                              | Q to R 4th     | 28. Kt to Q 4th  | Kt takes Kt    |
| 14. B to Kt 5th                               | B to K B 4th   | 29. R takes Kt   | Kt to Kt sq    |
| 15. P to K 4th                                | B to K Kt 5th  | 30. B to Kt 4th  | P to B 4th     |
| 16. P to Kt 4th                               | Q to B 2nd     | 31. B takes P  | R takes B      |
| 17. P to K 5th                                | Kt to K sq     | 32. R takes R  | Resigns        |
| 18. Kt to Kt 5th                              |                |  |                |

It will be seen later how very effective all this proves to be. The game is simply

Another game in the same Tournament between Messrs. J. H. BLACKBURNE and I. GUNSBURG.

(Vienna Game.)

- |   |                |   |                |
|---|----------------|---|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. B.)  | BLACK (Mr. G.) | WHITE (Mr. B.)  | BLACK (Mr. G.) |
| 1. P to K 4th   | P to K 4th     | opening the side where he has Castled without immediate prospect of some attack.  |                |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd  | Kt to Q B 3rd  |   |                |
| 3. Kt to B 3rd  |                | 14. B to K 5th  | B to Q 4th     |
| P to K B 4th is usually played here, but the move adopted seems better.   |                | 15. P to B 3rd  | B to Q 3rd     |
| 4. B to K 2nd   | B to B 4th     | 16. Kt to Kt 2nd  | Q to K 3rd     |
| 5. P to Q 3rd   | P to Q 3rd     | 17. B to K 3rd  | Kt to R 5th    |
| 6. Kt to Q R 4th  | Kt to Kt 3rd   | 18. B to Q 3rd  |                |
| 7. Kt takes B   | R P takes Kt   |   |                |
| 8. Castles  | Kt to Kt 3rd   | Black plays very cleverly from this point, and wins the game in a few more moves. |                |
| 9. P to Q 4th   | Castles        | 19. Kt takes Kt   | Q takes B (ch) |
| 10. P to B 3rd  | P to K R 3rd   | 20. K to Kt 2nd   | Kt takes P     |
| 11. Kt to K sq  | P takes P      | 21. Kt to B 5th   | Bt kes P (ch)  |
| 12. P takes P   | P to B 4th     | 22. R takes B   | Q takes R (ch) |
| 13. P takes P   | B takes P      | 23. Q takes Q   | Kt takes Q     |
| 14. P to K Kt 4th   |                | 24. K takes Kt  | P to Kt 3rd    |
| Probably White's ultimate downfall may be ascribed to this risky venture. |                | 25. R to K sq   | P takes Kt     |
|   |                | White resigns.  |                |

The Principal of the Institution of Physics of the Emperor William University, Professor Ferdinand Braun, recently gave a lecture on wireless telegraphy, as applied to practical uses, to the members and guests of the Society of Natural Science and Medicine at Strasburg. Professor Braun commenced with a historical introduction, and then proceeded to his own experiments and results in this direction, saying that all defects may be eliminated at one and the same time by generating the electric waves in the transmitter, not by static charges, but by induction. The transmitter is a single wire not interrupted by a spark-distance. It is coiled at the lower end. Beside it, but quite separate from it, is another coil, being usually made of thick wire coiled once only, the so-called primary coil. Leyden bottles find discharge through the latter. Thereby electric waves are generated in the primary coil, and these generate others in the transmitter wire.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I do not suppose there is any more fascinating study which can engage the attention of the social scientist, or of the scientific mind at large, than that which deals with the delusions of mankind. The elder Disraeli, if I mistake not, wrote a bulky volume on an allied topic; but since his day a good many additional examples might be culled and added to the long list of the fads and eccentricities which poor humanity is liable to exhibit. Especially may we find many an apt illustration in the particular sphere which medicine claims as its own.

The other day I overheard two elderly women debating at a railway-station while waiting for the train a certain surgical procedure which, apparently, a neighbour of theirs had undergone. As far as I could make out from the comments, which were made aloud in tones that one could almost hear from the other end of the platform, the patient had suffered from some eye trouble. "Ay," said one of the ladies, "the doctors took her eye out, treated it, and put it back again." These worthy women are not the only people in the world who ignore the existence of the optic nerve that attaches the eye to the brain, severance whereof would mean utter loss of sight. But it is pleasing to find medicine credited with such miraculous powers, when all is said and done. It was the opposite case with the old negro woman, who wished she "was back in the State o' Georgy," for the reason that "they always had de small-pox there, and wasn't troubled 'bout vaccination at all"!

Perhaps it is not at all surprising to find rudimentary and crude ideas about medicine prevailing, when most of us know nothing at all about the functions or build of our bodies, and care still less about the saving knowledge that arises out of an appreciation of the laws of health. We are dissipating this ignorance, but only in slow measure. If I had my will, no boy or girl should leave school without an elementary training in such subjects—surely, of all others, the most important for ensuring health and, therefore, happiness. I wish I could have every parent presented with a copy of Herbert Spencer's "Education," that they might read the words of wisdom contained in the pages of that priceless little book. We should then lack examples of the amusing ignorance that one hears when a very simple matter of bodily concern is discussed. A man bringing his boy to his doctor was asked what ailed the child. "Well, Sir," replies the parent, "I am of opinion that Tommy has swallowed a halfpenny, and that it has stuck in his sarcophagus."

I once heard of a lady who actually objected to her daughter being instructed at school in the elements of physiology and hygiene. The girl had come home delighted with the instruction; for youth is keen, as a rule, to know when science is properly taught to them. The mother disapproved highly of such instruction. It was not for young ladies to be taught such things. Therefore next morning the pupil went back to school with a note to the head mistress, which ran as follows: "Dear Miss Jones,—Please don't teach Maria any more about her inside. It is of no use; besides which, I consider it very rude." There are a good many mothers, I am afraid, who resemble this lady in their ignorant and mistaken notion as to the teaching of physiology and its bearings on our health and well-being. It is evident, indeed, we shall want a school of instruction for mothers if we are to be enabled to educate some of our young people properly. I never wonder when I see the wasp waists in the weekly fashion-plates, or witness them reproduced in the streets. Better would it be for the "little health" of most women if, indeed, they knew more about their "insides."

It is this same prevailing ignorance of the simplest facts regarding science that enables every quack to push his wares with unblushing effrontery and undeniable success. A certain friend of mine, Professor in the medical faculty of a University, was walking with me one night lately through the streets of a Northern town. Standing on a gaudily ornamented carriage, whereon sat a Scotch piper (whose face seemed to betoken that he had had a dose of his employer's pills), was a highly venerable old gentleman, white of hair, with aldermanic whiskers, and an equally aldermanic frame set off by a huge expanse of white waistcoat. He was selling his pills, and was descanting on the virtues of the nostrum, which appeared to me from his description to be warranted to affect the liver primarily, and through their action on that large and important gland to cure any and every ailment one had ever heard of. The sale was at first slow, but his eloquence carried the day, and I doubt not the inhabitants of that town are now rejoicing in the overthrow of the regular faculty, and in the triumph of free-and-easy trade in medicine. But my friend of the gilded barouche is no worse one whit than the pill-proprietor who tells me his pills will cure me of consumption, scrofula, and even paralysis. He must do a big trade, if I can judge from the display of his advertisements; but it is also evident many people in this world must swallow these drugs, not according to knowledge, but in an exercise of deep faith, of which my clerical friends might well be envious as regards its evolution.

There are higher phases of the quack idea, however, to be found. From Chicago lately came a report that two medical men there had discovered that common salt was in reality an elixir of life. It could be used to rejuvenate mankind, and to stay the progress of senile decay. Everybody was to take salt, and, I believe, more than one citizen of Porkopolis made himself very ill through his ingestion of saline stuff. Now the bubble has burst. There is no Faust-like procedure possible at Chicago, or anywhere else, through the aid of salt or of any other compound. Chicago has gone back to its modicum of salt with its meals. It is a pity it did not take a considerable pinch with the original statement about the rejuvenescence. Clearly, truth must prevail, since the Chicago salt mania has so soon lost its savour.



# The Would-be-Goods. THE HIGH-BORN BABE.

By E. NESBIT.

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Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

IT really was not such a bad baby, for a baby. Its face was round and quite clean, which babies' faces are not always, as I daresay you know by your own youthful relatives; and Dora said its cape was trimmed with real lace, whatever that may be. I don't see myself how one kind of lace can be realer than another. It was in a very swagger sort of perambulator when we saw it, and the perambulator was standing quite by itself in the lane that leads to the mill.

"I wonder whose baby it is," Dora said; "isn't it a darling, Alice?"

Alice agreed to its being one, and said she thought it was most likely the child of noble parents stolen by gipsies.

"These two as likely as not," Noël said. "Can't you see something crime-like in the very way they're lying!"

They were two tramps, and they were lying on the grass at the edge of the lane on the shady side, fast asleep, only a very little further on than where the baby was. They were very ragged, and their snores did have a sinister sound.

"I expect they stole the titled heir at dead of night, and they've been travelling hot-foot ever since, so now they're sleeping the sleep of exhaustedness," Alice said. "What a heart-rending scene when the patrician mother wakes in the morning and finds the infant aristocrat isn't in bed with his mamma."

The baby was fast asleep, or else the girls would have kissed it. They are strangely fond of kissing. The author never could see anything in it himself.

"If the gipsies *did* steal it," Dora said, "perhaps they'd sell it to us. I wonder what they'd take for it."

"What could you do with it if you'd got it?" H. O. asked.

"Why, adopt it, of course," Dora said. "I've often thought I should enjoy adopting a baby. It would be a golden act, too."

"I should have thought there were enough of us," Dickie said.

"Ah, but you're none of you babies!" said Dora.

"Unless you count H. O. as a baby: he behaves very like one sometimes."

This was because of what had happened that morning, when Dickie found H. O. going fishing with a box of worms, and the box was the one Dickie keeps his silver studs in, and the medal he got at school, and what is left of his watch and chain. The box is lined with red velvet, and it was not nice afterwards. And then H. O. said Dickie had hurt him, and he was a beastly bully, and he cried. We thought all this had been made up, and were sorry to see it threaten to break out again. So Oswald said—

"Oh, bother the baby! Come along, do."

And the others came.

We were going to the miller's with a message about some flour that hadn't come, and about a sack of sharps for the pigs.

After you go down the lane you come to a cloverfield, and then a cornfield, and then another lane, and then it is the mill. It is a jolly fine mill; in fact, it is two: water

and wind ones, one of each kind; with a house and farm buildings as well. I never saw a mill like it, and I don't believe you have either.

If we had been in a story-book the miller's wife would have taken us into the neat sanded kitchen where the old oak settle was black with time and rubbing, and dusted chairs for us, old brown Windsor chairs, and given us each a glass of sweet-scented cowslip wine, and a thick slice of rich home-made cake. And there would have been fresh roses in an old china bowl on the table. As it was, she asked us all into the parlour, and gave us Tower of Babel lemonade and biscuits. The chairs in her parlour were "bent-wood," and no flowers except some wax ones under a glass shade; but she was very kind, and we were very much obliged to her. We got out to the miller, though, as soon as we could. Only Dora and Daisy stayed with her, and she talked to them about her lodgers and about her relations in London.

The miller is a MAN. He showed us all over the mills, both kinds, and let us go right up into the very top of the windmill, and showed us how the top moved round, so that the sails could catch the wind, and the great heaps of corn, some red and some yellow (the red is English wheat), and the heaps slide down a little bit at a time into a square hole and go down to the millstones. The corn makes a rustling, soft noise that is very jolly; something like the noise of the sea, and you can hear it through all the other mill-noises.

Then the miller let us go all over the water-mill. It is fairy-palaces inside a mill. Everything is powdered over white, like sugar on pancakes when you are allowed to



*It was Oswald, too, who showed his artless brothers why they had better not take the deserted perambulator home with them.*



help yourself. And he opened a door and showed us the great water-wheel working on, slow and sure, like some great round dripping giant, and then he asked us if we fished.

"Yes," was our immediate reply.

"Then why not try the mill-pool?" he said; and we replied politely; and when he was gone to tell his man something, we owned to each other that he was a trump.

He did the thing thoroughly. He took us out and cut us ash saplings for rods; he found us in lines and hooks, and several different sorts of bait, including a handsome handful of meal-worms, which Oswald put loose in his pocket.

When it came to bait, Alice said she was going home with Dora and Daisy. Girls are strange, mysterious, silly things. Alice always enjoyed a rat-hunt, until the rat is caught; but she hates fishing from beginning to end. We boys have got to like it. We don't feel now as we did when we turned off the water and stopped the competition of the competing anglers. We had a grand day's fishing that day. I can't think what made the miller so kind to us. Perhaps he felt a thrill of fellow-feeling in his manly breast for his fellow-sportsmen, for he was a noble fisherman himself.

We had glorious sport: eight roach, six dace, three eels, seven perch, and a young pike, but he was so very young the miller asked us to put him back; and of course we did.

"He'll live to bite another day," said the miller.

The miller's wife gave us bread and cheese and more Tower of Babel lemonade, and we went home at last, a little damp but full of successful ambition, with our fish on a string.

It had been a strikingly good time—one of those times that happen in the country quite by themselves. Country people are much more friendly than town people. I suppose they don't have to spread their friendly feelings out over so many persons, so it's thicker; like a pound of butter on one loaf is thicker than on a dozen. Friendliness in the country is not scrape, like it is in London. Even Dickie and H. O. forgot the affair of honour that had taken place in the morning. H. O. changed rods with Dickie because H. O.'s was the best rod; and Dickie baited H. O.'s hook for him, just like loving, unselfish brothers in literature.

We were talking fishlikely as we went along down the lane and through the cornfield and the cloverfield, and then we came to the other lane where we had seen the baby. The tramps were gone and the perambulator was gone, and, of course, the baby was gone too.

"I wonder if those gipsies had stolen the baby," Noël said dreamily. He had not fished much, but he had made a piece of poetry. It was this—

How I wish  
I was a fish;  
I would not look  
At your hook,  
But lie still and be cool  
At the bottom of the pool.  
And when you went to look  
At your cruel hook,  
You would not find me there.  
So there!

"If they did steal the baby," Noël went on, "they will be tracked by the lordly perambulator. You can disguise a baby in rags and walnut-juice, but there isn't any disguise dark enough to conceal a perambulator's person."

"You might disguise it as a wheel-barrow," said Dickie.

"Or cover it with leaves," said H. O., "like the robins."

We told him to shut up and not gibber, but afterwards we had to own that even a young brother may sometimes talk sense by accident.

For we took the short cut home from the lane. It begins with a large gap in the hedge, and the grass and weeds trodden down by the hasty feet of persons who are late for church, and in too great a hurry to go round by the road. Our house is next to the church.

The short cut leads to a stile at the edge of a bit of wood (the Parson's Shave, they call it, because it belongs to him). The wood has not been shaved for some time, and it has grown out beyond the stile; and here, among the hazels and chestnuts and young dog-wood bushes, we saw something white. We saw it was our duty to investigate, even if the white was only the under side of the tail of a dead rabbit caught in a trap. It was not; it was part of the perambulator. I forget whether I said that the perambulator was enamelled white—not the kind of enamelling you do at home with Aspinall's, and the hairs of the brush come out, and it is gritty-looking, but smooth, like the handles of ladies' very best lace parasols. And whoever had abandoned the helpless perambulator in that lonely spot had done exactly as H. O. said, and covered it with leaves, only they were green, and some of them had dropped off.

The others were wild with excitement. Now or never, they thought, was a chance to be real detectives. Oswald alone retained a calm exterior. It was he who would not go straight to the police-station.

He said: "Let's try and ferret out something for ourselves before we tell the police. They always have a clue directly they hear about the finding of the body. And besides, we might as well let Alice be in anything there is going. And, besides, we haven't had our dinners yet."

This argument of Oswald's was so strong and powerful—his arguments are often that, as I daresay you have noticed—that the others agreed. It was Oswald, too, who showed his artless brothers why they had much better not take the deserted perambulator home with them.

"The dead body—or whatever the clue is—is always left exactly as it is found," he said, "till the police have seen it and the coroner, and the inquest, and the doctor, and the sorrowing relations. Besides, suppose someone saw us with the beastly thing, and thought we had stolen it? Then they would say,

'What have you done with the baby?' and then where should we be?"

Oswald's brothers could not answer this question; and once more Oswald's native eloquence and far-seeing discerningness conquered.

"Anyway," Dickie said, "let's shove the derelict a little further under cover."

So we did.

Then we went on home. Dinner was ready, and so were Alice and Daisy, but Dora was not there.

"She's got a— Well, she's not coming to dinner, anyway," Alice said when we asked. "She can tell you herself afterwards what it is she's got."

Oswald thought it was headache, or pain in the temper, or in the pinafore, so he said no more; but as soon as Mrs. Pettigrew had helped us and left the room he began the thrilling tale of the forsaken perambulator. He told it with the greatest thrillingness anyone could have, but Daisy and Alice seemed almost unmoved. Alice said "Yes, very strange," and things like that; but both the girls seemed to be thinking of something else. They kept looking at each other and trying not to laugh, so Oswald saw they had got some silly secret, and he said—

"Oh, all right. I don't care about telling you. I only thought you'd like to be in it. It's going to be a real big thing, with policemen in it, and perhaps a judge."

"In what?" H. O. said. "The perambulator?"

Daisy choked and then tried to drink, and spluttered and got purple, and had to be thumped on the back. But Oswald was not appeased. When Alice said: "Do go on, Oswald: I'm sure we all like it very much," he said—

"Oh, no, thank you!" very politely. "As it happens," he went on, "I'd just as soon go through with this thing without having any girls in it."

"In the perambulator?" said H. O. again.

"It's a man's job," Oswald went on, without taking any notice of H. O.

"Do you really think so?" said Alice. "When there's a baby in it?"

"But there isn't," said H. O. "If you mean in the perambulator."

"Bother you and your perambulator!" said Oswald, with gloomy forbearance.

Alice kicked Oswald under the table, and said—

"Don't be waxy, Oswald. Really and truly, Daisy and I have got a secret, only it's Dora's secret, and she wants to tell you herself. If it was mine or Daisy's, we'd tell you this minute—wouldn't we, Mouse?"

"This very second," said the White Mouse.

And Oswald consented to take their apologies.

Then the pudding came in, and no more was said except asking for things to be passed—sugar and water, and bread and things.

Then when the pudding was all gone, Alice said—

"Come on."

And we came on. We did not want to be disagreeable, though really we were keen on being detectives and sifting that perambulator to the very dregs. But boys have to try to take an interest in their sisters' secrets, however silly. This is part of being a good brother.

Alice led us across the field where the sheep once fell into the brook, and across the brook by the plank. At the other end of the next field there was a sort of wooden house on wheels, that the shepherd sleeps in at the time of year when lambs are being born, so that he can see that they are not stolen by gipsies before the owners have counted them.

To this hut Alice now led her kind brothers and Daisy's kind brother.

"Dora is inside," she said; "with the SECRET. We were afraid to have it in the house in case it made a noise."

The next moment the secret was a secret no longer, for we all beheld Dora, sitting on a sack on the floor of the hut, with the Secret in her lap.

It was the high-born babe!

Oswald was so overcome that he sat down suddenly, just as Betsy Trotwood did in "David Copperfield," which just shows what a true author Dickens is.

"You've done it this time," he said. "I suppose you know you're a baby-stealer?"

"I'm not," Dora said. "I've adopted him."

"Then it was you," Dickie said, "who scuttled the perambulator in the wood?"

"Yes," Alice said; "we couldn't get it over the stile unless Dora put down the baby, and we were afraid of the nettles for his legs. His name is to be Lord Edward."

"But, Dora—really—don't you think—"

"If you'd been there you'd have done the same," said Dora firmly. "The gipsies had gone. Of course something had frightened them, and they fled from justice. And the little darling was awake, and held out his arms to me. No, he hasn't cried a bit; and I know all about babies—I've often nursed Mrs. Scribby's at the Lower Farm. They have bread-and-milk to eat. You take him; Alice, and I'll go and get some bread-and-milk for him."

Alice took the noble brat. It was horribly lively, and squirmed about in her arms and wanted to crawl on the floor. She could only keep it quiet by saying things to it a boy would be ashamed even to think of saying, such as—

"Goo-goo" and "did ums was!" and "ickle ducksuns then."

When Alice used these expressions the baby laughed and chuckled, and replied—

"Daddadadd," "Bababa," or "Glueglue."

But if Alice stopped her remarks for an instant the thing screwed its face up as if it was going to cry; but she never gave it time to begin.

It was a rummy little animal.

Then Dora came back with the bread-and-milk, and they fed the noble infant. It was greedy and untidy, but all three girls seemed unable to keep their eyes and hands off it. They looked at it exactly as if it was pretty.

We boys stayed watching them. There was no

amusement left for us now, for Oswald saw that Dora's secret knocked the bottom out of the perambulator.

When the infant aristocrat had eaten a hearty meal, it sat on Alice's lap and played with the amber heart she wears that Albert's uncle brought her from Hastings after the business of the bad sixpence and the nobleness of Oswald.

"Now," said Dora, "this is a council, so I want to be business-like. The duckuns darling has been stolen away; its wicked stealers have deserted the precious. We've got it. Perhaps its ancestral halls are miles and miles away. I vote we keep the little lovely duck till it's advertised for."

"If Albert's uncle lets you," said Dickie darkly.

"Oh, don't say 'you' like that," Dora said; "I want it to be all of our baby. It will have five fathers and three mothers, and a grandfather and a great Albert's uncle, and a great grand-uncle. I'm sure Albert's uncle will let us keep it, at any rate till it's advertised for."

"And suppose it never is," Noël said.

"Then so much the better," said Dora. "The little duckywux."

She began kissing the baby again. Oswald, ever thoughtful, said—

"Well, what about your dinner?"

"Bother dinner," Dora said—so like a girl! "Will you all agree to be his fathers and mothers?"

"Anything for a quiet life," said Dickie, and Oswald said—

"Oh, yes, if you like. But you'll see we shan't be allowed to keep it."

"You talk as if he was rabbits or white rats," said Dora; "and he's not; he's a little man, he is."

"All right; he's no rabbit, but a man. Come on and get some grub, Dora," rejoined the kind-hearted Oswald, and Dora did, with Oswald and the other boys. Only Noël stayed with Alice. He really seemed to like the baby. When I looked back he was standing on his head to amuse it; but the baby did not seem to like him any better, whichever end of him was up.

Dora went back to the shepherd's house on wheels directly she had had her dinner. Mrs. Pettigrew was very cross about her not being in to it, but she had kept her some mutton hot, all the same. She is a decent sort. And there were stewed prunes. We boys had some to keep Dora company. Then we boys went fishing again in the moat, but we caught nothing.

Just before tea-time we all went back to the hut, and before we got half across the last field we could hear the howling of the Secret.

"Poor little beggar!" said Oswald, with manly tenderness. "They must be sticking pins in it."

We found the girls and Noël looking quite pale and breathless. Daisy was walking up and down with the Secret in her arms. It looked like Alice in Wonderland nursing the baby that turned into a pig. Oswald said so, and added that its screams were like it, too.

"What on earth is the matter with it?" he said,

"I don't know," said Alice. "Daisy's tired, and Dora and I are quite worn out. He's been crying for hours and hours. You take him a bit."

"Not me," replied Oswald firmly, withdrawing a pace from the Secret.

Dora was fumbling with her waistband in the furthest corner of the hut.

"I think he's cold," she said. "I thought I'd take off my flannelette petticoat, only the horrid strings got into a hard knot. Here, Oswald, let's have your knife!"

With the word she plunged her hand into Oswald's jacket-pocket, and next moment she was rubbing her hand like mad on her dress, and screaming almost as loud as the baby. Then she began to laugh and to cry at the same time. This is called hysterics.

Oswald was sorry, but he was annoyed too. He had forgotten that his pocket was half full of the meal-worms the miller had kindly given him. And, anyway, Dora ought to have known that a man always carries his knife in his trousers pocket, and not in his jacket one.

Alice and Daisy rushed to Dora. She had thrown herself down on the pile of sacks in the corner. The titled infant delayed its screams for a moment to listen to Dora's, but almost at once it went on again.

"Oh, get some water," said Alice. "Daisy, run!"

The White Mouse, ever docile and obedient, shoved the baby into the arms of the nearest person, who had to take it, or it would have fallen, a wreck, to the ground. This nearest person was Oswald. He tried to pass it on to the others, but they wouldn't. Noël would have, but he was busy kissing Dora, and begging her not to.

So our hero—for such I may, perhaps, term him—found himself the degraded nursemaid of a small but furious kid.

He was afraid to lay it down, for fear, in its rage, it should beat its brains out against the hard earth, and he did not wish, however innocently, to be the cause of its hurting itself at all. So he walked earnestly up and down with it, thumping it unceasingly on the back, while the others attended to Dora, who presently ceased to yell.

Suddenly it struck Oswald that the High-born also had ceased to yell. He looked at it, and could hardly believe the glad tidings of his faithful eyes. With bated breath he hastened back to the sheep-house.

The others turned on him full of reproaches about the meal-worms and Dora, but he answered without anger.

"Shut up!" he said in a whisper of imperial command.

"Can't you see it's gone to sleep?"

As exhausted as if they had all taken part in the events of a very long athletic sports, the youthful Bastables and their friends dragged their weary limbs back across the fields. Oswald was compelled to go on holding the titled infant, for fear it should wake up if it changed hands and begin to yell again. Dora's flannelette petticoat had been got off somehow—how, I do not seek to inquire—and the Secret was covered with it. The others surrounded Oswald as much as possible, with a view to concealment if we met Mrs. Pettigrew. But the coast was clear. Oswald took the Secret up into his bed-room. Mrs. Pettigrew doesn't come there much—it's too many stairs.



With breathless precaution Oswald laid it down on his bed. It sighed, but did not wake. Then we took it in turns to sit by it, and see that it did not get up and fling itself out of bed, which in one of its furious fits it would just as soon have done as not.

We expected Albert's uncle every minute.

At last we heard the gate, but he did not come in, so we looked out and saw that he was talking to a distracted-looking man on a piebald horse—one of the miller's horses.

A shiver of doubt coursed through our veins. We could not remember having done anything wrong at the miller's. But you never know. And it seemed strange his sending a man up on his own horse. But when we had looked a bit longer our fears went down and our curiosity got up. For we saw that the distracted one was a gentleman.

Presently he rode off, and Albert's uncle came in. A

He rushed from the room, and in a moment or two we saw him mount his bicycle and ride off.

Quite shortly he returned with the distracted horseman.

It was *his* baby, and not titled at all. The horseman and his wife were the lodgers at the mill. The nursemaid was a girl from the village. She said she only left the baby five minutes while she went to speak to her sweetheart, who was gardener at the Red House. But we knew she left it for hours.

I never saw anyone so pleased as the distracted horseman.

When we were asked we explained about having thought the baby was the prey of gipsies, and the distracted horseman stood hugging the baby, and actually thanked us.

Yet when he had gone we had a brief lecture on minding our own business. But Dora still thinks she was

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There was a striking group on the platform at the recent Guildhall meeting in connection with the S.P.G. Bicentenary. In the chair sat the Lord Mayor, whose gorgeous robes were thrown into strong relief by the heavy black overcoats worn by nearly all the other speakers. His nearest neighbours on the right were the Archbishop of Canterbury, looking remarkably well and vigorous, and Lord Halsbury. Lord Hugh Cecil and the Bishop of Stepney sat side by side on the left. The audience was rather disappointingly small.

The *Church Times*, referring to the Bishop of Stepney's recent missionary sermon to the young, points out that the S.P.G. has much to learn in this matter from the Church Missionary Society. That society has from the first known how to enlist the sympathy and help of children in its work. The missionary meeting is made for them one of



We all beheld Dora, sitting on a sack on the floor of the hut, with the Secret in her lap.

deputation met him at the door. All the boys and Dora, because the baby was her idea.

"We've found something," Dora said, "and we want to know whether we may keep it."

The rest of us said nothing. We were not so very extra anxious to keep it, after we had heard how much and how long it could howl. Even Noël had said he had no idea a baby could yell like it. Dora said it only cried because it was sleepy; but we reflected that it would certainly be sleepy once a day, if not oftener.

"What is it?" said Albert's uncle. "Let's see this treasure-trove. Is it a wild beast?"

"Come and see," said Dora, and we led him to our room.

Alice turned down the pink flannelette petticoat with silly pride, and showed the youthful heir, fatly and pinkly sleeping.

"A baby!" said Albert's uncle. "The baby! Oh, my cats alive!"

That is an expression which he uses to express despair unmixed with anger.

"Where did you—but that doesn't matter. We'll talk of this later."

right. As for Oswald and most of the others, they agreed that they would rather mind their own business all their lives than mind a baby for a single hour.

If you have never had to do with a baby in the frenzied throes of sleepiness, you can have no idea what its screams are like.

If you have been through such a scene, you will understand how we managed to bear up under having no baby to adopt.

Oswald insisted on having the whole thing written in the Golden Deed Book. Of course, his share could not be put in without telling about Dora's generous adopting of the forlorn infant outcast, and Oswald could not, and cannot, forget that he was the one who did get that baby to sleep.

What a time Mr. and Mrs. Distracted Horseman must have of it, though—especially now they've sacked the nursemaid.

If Oswald is ever married—I suppose he must be some day—he will have ten nurses to each baby. Eight is not enough. We know that because we tried, and the whole eight of us were not enough for the needs of that deserted infant, who was not so extra high-born, after all.

THE END.

the chief events of the year. The missionary-box, too, is a regular institution in C.M.S. circles, as it is in most families in Scotland. The *Church Times* admits that in households of its own ecclesiastical party there is nothing like the same enthusiasm for foreign missions.

The Bishops of Durham and St. Albans have been on the sick-list for several weeks. Dr. Westcott has now practically recovered from his attack of bronchitis. The Bishop of St. Albans has been obliged to cancel all his engagements for Lent.

The Rev. Percy Dearmer has been inducted by the Archdeacon of Middlesex to the living of St. Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill. He preached his farewell sermon at St. Mark's, Marylebone, on the evening of Sexagesima Sunday. The retiring Vicar, the Rev. Albert Spencer, has been presented by the congregation with a set of silver-gilt communion-plate, candlesticks, and flower-bowl.

Bishop Ryle's enthronement at Exeter Cathedral on Feb. 12 was an event of the greatest interest in the town and district. The Bishop and Mrs. Ryle were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Earle at the Deanery, but have now gone into residence at the Episcopal Palace.

V.



## MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN HOLLAND.

Queen Wilhelmina, like a good Sovereign, was married, as far as a royal personage might, in accordance with the wedding customs of her country. There seems to be a prevailing idea, derived chiefly, perhaps, from the survival of provincial and local costume among them, that in their habits and manner of living the Dutch are a peculiar people. This, of course, is a mistake, except in so far as it is true of every nation that it has its own characteristic way of doing things; and that, unfortunately, is becoming less true every day. Holland, no less than other countries, has felt the influence of the cosmopolitan process, which is rubbing the picturesque corners off national life and forcing it into one common and prosaic pattern.

There may be out-of-the-way places in some of the Dutch provinces where old-time wedding customs still flourish. Possibly in Broek even now, as in 'De Amieis' day, the front doors of the houses are opened only for a marriage or a funeral. Places like Broek have so long supplied a text from which travellers might expound the quaint absurdities of Dutch life that it may pay their inhabitants to live up to their repute, or, at least, to pretend to. But, generally speaking, the marriage rites and ceremonies of Holland do not greatly differ from our own, save in the formality with which they are attended.

Marriage in Holland is a civil contract, to be entered into before the civil magistrate, and the ceremony proper is performed in the Town Hall of the town or village in which the bride has been living for the week or two previously. The young Queen, for example, has been in residence in the old palace of the family of Orange at the Hague, so closely associated with notable women of her House, and she married Duke Henry in the beautiful sixteenth-century Stadhuis of the capital. Since all

marriages take place in the Town Halls, it frequently happens, in the cities at least, that several fall upon one day, necessitating some arrangement as to the order in which the official is to celebrate them, the precise method of arriving at which we do not pretend to understand. But, at any rate, this leads to dispatch. The congestion is

it is the back entrance which is used for marriage parties. All the more distinguished, therefore, was Queen Wilhelmina's entry by the main door.

In the great majority of cases the short and business-like civil function is followed by another—not short, and more indulgent of sentiment—in the church, to which the bridal party have driven on. There they find gathered in the pews the wider circle of friends and well-wishers. They themselves are ushered—the bride on the bridegroom's arm, the others paired with a strict regard to the degrees of consanguinity—into the railed-off space in front of the pulpit, and, in accordance with the custom of churchgoers still very generally observed, the men are seated on one side, the women on the other. Presently the clergyman's head appears beneath the sounding-board, and the ceremony proceeds.

It is sternly Calvinistic, and, needless to say, is in no respect decorative; but although the service is not choral, the singing of the Psalms by all present in unison to a slow measure is far from being ineffective. And what is wanting in ritual is made up in exhortation. The clergyman, taking advantage of an opportunity that Sunday does not always furnish so fully, speaks a lengthy discourse to the assembled guests, and the wedded pair kneel down later to receive another and a special homily from his lips. We are writing, of course, of a service in the Netherlands Reformed Church.

Some things we miss, the absence of which is not to be accounted for by the creed. Neither in the church nor in

the Town Hall is the bride "given away"; and the bridegroom has no "best man," for the bridegroom has himself driven with the bride to the Town Hall, and so needs no squire. But the bride is permitted bridesmaids to bear her train. Again, there is no bride's-cake, and no rice or cast slipper; but in a wedding without a "best man" these appear very trifling omissions.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: EMBROIDERED CARPET UPON WHICH QUEEN WILHELMINA AND DUKE HENRY KNELT DURING THE CEREMONY.

made greater by the predilection of the lower orders for a Wednesday, and (curiously, considering the prejudice that exists among ourselves) especially for a Wednesday in May and November. On that day in these two months, and, indeed, throughout the year, a regular procession of happy couples and wedding guests passes through the porch of the Town Hall. In the Hague, we believe,

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## LADIES' PAGES.

There was something like consternation in the ranks of prospective brides whose weddings fell within the scope of the general mourning order. A wedding with everybody in black would be too painfully like a funeral! But the two very fashionable weddings of this week have set the matter at rest. It may be taken for granted that the King's wishes were made known to Lord Carrington, who has always been one of his Majesty's special friends, and attended him as aide-de-camp during his memorable visit to India in 1875; so the appearance in mauve, grey, and white of the lady members of the families on both sides at Lady Marjorie Carrington's wedding with Mr. Wilson may be taken as expressing the royal decision for bridal parties while the mourning lasts. It is in harmony with the request that the streets should be hung with purple, and not with black, for Queen Victoria's funeral. The Duke of Westminster's wedding emphasised the fashion further. Half-mourning tones for the immediate family, while more distant friends keep to their black, is to be the rule till March 6, when half-mourning comes in for everybody.

Lady Carrington is the daughter of one of Queen Alexandra's Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Suffolk; and the King and Queen would have been present at the wedding but for their bereavement. Their Majesties sent, as their wedding gift, a diamond and turquoise "Marguerite" brooch, and this the bride wore. Her bridal gown was white, the material being soft mousseline-de-soie laid in many tucks, and covered with an Empire-fashioned coat of lace, lightly embroidered in lines to the hem with silver sequins, the embroidery deepening at the edges into a rich silver and chenille border. The bridesmaids wore spotted net over mauve silk, with collars of embroidered muslin, and deep Empire sashes of mauve crêpe-de-Chine; the pretty old-fashioned way of head-dress for bridesmaids was revived in their having wreaths of Parma violets instead of hats. Two little pages in cloth coats and satin vests and breeches, all of Parma violet colour, bore the bride's train each in one hand, a white wand occupying the other hand. The tones of these dresses would possibly have been different under other circumstances, but it certainly would not have been prettier. Countess Carrington wore heliotrope crêpe-de-Chine, with a toque of tulle and cinolino-straw to match.

The Duke of Westminster's wedding with Miss Cornwallis-West was a "white" one. The bridal gown was in the most glorified form of revived Empire design. The under-dress was of white satin. It fitted the figure under the bust and set closely to the waist, and this was veiled with an Empire loosely falling over-dress of chiffon, embroidered lightly in silver, the embroidery deepening into a rich full design in silver round the foot. The wide Empire belt placed immediately under the bust was a lovely bit of silver embroidery, and the small bodice above it was largely transparent lace likewise touched



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with silver. Over all this was a long train in ivory panne velvet falling away from the shoulders, where it was held by a design in silver. This train was most richly embroidered round in a pattern of raised roses. Nothing could be more exquisite than the effect of the whole. The little pages were dressed exactly "after" the well-known figure of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," which is one of the Duke's possessions; but the eight bridesmaids were in white satin Empire frocks, veiled with white chiffon, and slightly trimmed with silver. They also, like Lady Marjorie Carrington's bridesmaids, wore wreaths in place of hats, so that this may be considered to be quite revived in fashion; in this case the flowers were white roses, intermixed with silver leaves. The newly wedded Duchess of Westminster travelled to begin her honeymoon in one of her husband's ancestral homes, Eaton Park, near Chester, in a white cloth gown trimmed with pale grey panne.

The King is everywhere placing beside him in his public acts the gracious lady who is the partner of his throne. The innovation of creating her Majesty a "lady of the Garter" is, in fact, only a return to original precedent; for at the first creation of the Order there were lady members. In the little church of Ewelme, Oxfordshire, may be seen to this day the memorial statue of one of the noble ladies who was an original "lady knight"; and when her late Majesty ascended the throne, and became thereby Sovereign of the Most Noble Order, a special messenger was sent to Ewelme to find out where the emblematical "garter" was worn on that effigy. It was found to be placed on the left arm above the elbow, and there Queen Victoria accordingly wore the strap of gold-embroidered blue tissue with its buckle and loosely falling end pendent therefrom. It can be seen distinctly in a portrait by Winterhalter, painted in 1845: the Garter is buckled on midway between shoulder and elbow, round a short, white satin sleeve-puff, and half concealed by a lace berthe that passes round the shoulders. Her late Majesty, however, never appointed any other "lady," and she held her own position by hereditary right as the reigning Sovereign; so the inclusion of Queen Alexandra by the King is an interesting return to ancient precedent.

Among the magnificent gowns prepared for peeresses to wear at the opening of Parliament, and shown to the representatives of the Press before the event, it was noticeable how often a black lace shawl, that, no doubt, had reposed unused for years before, was skilfully utilised in the design. When shawls were worn over the shoulders, some exquisite lace was thus shapen; and the present style of full dress allows those valuable but long almost useless possessions to be admirably brought into requisition. The exact point of the shawl is brought up on to the bodice near the *décolletage*, the shaped end just under folding well to be caught into a diamond or other buckle at the waist-line, and the remainder of the lace disposed as flatly as possible on the skirt in front and round to the sides, flouncings or accordion pleatings of chiffon filling up the space at the foot without any appearance of being out of

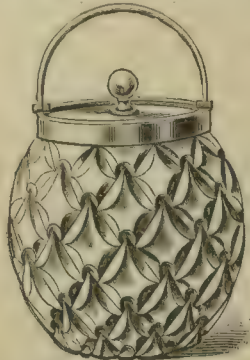
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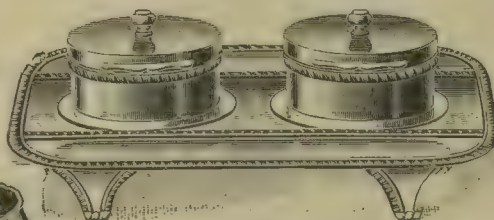
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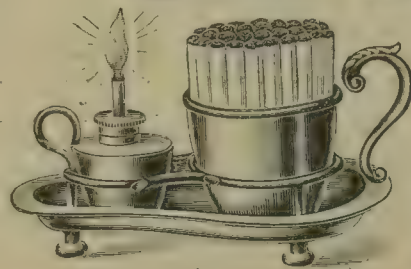
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place, or of being put on expressly to accommodate the shawl. Many little ruchings and flouncings appeared on most of the gowns (which were all long, though not worn with trains over), chiffon and mousseline-de-soie being used to soften the effect on silk, when the entire costume was not composed of a diaphanous material, as, however, was very often the case.

Cloth had been authoritatively declared admissible for gowns on this occasion, though her late Majesty had always expressly forbidden gowns of it to appear at her Drawing-Rooms; but perhaps the dresses were all ordered before this edict was published, as I did not see one cloth dress. In Lady Inchiquin's dress, there was a trimming on the skirt and a bolero formed by a very fine face-cloth decoupe, having much the effect of guipure lace, the gown itself being of softest peau-de-soie, with drapings of tulle. In some cases—as for the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos—the dress was chiefly formed of a diaphanous material with embroidered soft silk for the trimmings. Her Grace's gown was of crêpe-de-Chine with an embroidered peau-de-soie berthe folded across the figure to form a background for the diamonds; and the skirt was finished by many fine flouncings to correspond. The notable embroideries of present fashion were not wanting. Lady Farquhar had some specially beautifully worked, in dull silk formed into trails of roses, raised from the surface, this embroidery passing round the dress from the waist, and also trimming the berthe. Another peeress's gown was embroidered with dull jet, holding in place motifs of black guipure. Only the royal ladies and those in immediate attendance on them, or belonging to their households, wore actual crêpe; crêpe-de-Chine is a very different fabric.

Diamonds and pearls being considered permissible even in personal mourning, though then in limited quantities, are also suitable for more liberal display in complimentary mourning; and in this respect I learn that Peeresses were almost as splendid as at a Drawing-Room. At the theatres, too, diamond aigrettes and long strings of pearls are worn, as well as in such private society as is being held at present. People do not now consider so closely as at one time the intrinsic value of the ornaments. The Parisian Diamond Company have proved that the fine imitations, which they hold the secret of producing, can be set so as to be really artistic and beautiful ornaments; and the jewel-case that is springily filled can be replenished for such occasions as the present from one of their establishments: 85, New Bond Street; 143, Regent Street; or 43, Burlington Arcade.

We may turn our minds more wisely in the direction of new hats, if we must have something new just now, than in any other channel. A black hat is an abiding possession, being as becoming as it is fashionable. The Paris models all show very flat trimmings; the hat itself is worn raised well above the brow, but the trimmings that surmount the straw or the gathered silk or chiffon foundation do not rear themselves into the air, but lie softly



CLOTH COAT TRIMMED WITH CARACUL.

round. The exception to this rule is in the case of boat-shaped straw hats, which are trimmed a little higher than the shape at both sides, drawn down to the level of the hat itself, or even a little lower, at the precise front, and there caught under a buckle. The tricorn hat is a Paris favourite, and, when trimmed, looks something like the boat shape, but slopes more away from the sides of the face, and is, therefore, more becoming to most wearers, because it leaves the hair, well *crêped* out on the temples, more fully visible. Black glacé silk is immensely used at the moment for trimmings in London, and is mingled with ostrich plumes or plain black quills. Presently white feathers will be substituted for black ones, diamond ornaments, especially buckles, for jet, and clusters of violets or narcissi will peep out of the foldings of the glacé silk at appropriate points. There is no stiffness in the shapes of the hats. A straight, round brim is correct enough certainly, but a much-crumpled, indescribably trimmed, wide, soft toque is far smarter and more fashionable. Feathers are particularly becoming drooping over the brim of a hat in any sort of angle or degree of depth that suits the wearer.

Hats of a more severe order are seen in our Illustrations, in company with the Empire redingotes depicted. The boat-shaped hat, trimmed with black wings and velvet, accompanies a coat of black cloth strapped with glacé, which is studded all along with jet cabochons and fastened with big jet buttons. The furs are black fox. The other coat is of cloth trimmed with caracul and bands of elaborate braiding; black chiffon forms the necktie and sleeve-puffs. The toque is of black silk trimmed with flowers.

Half-mourning will naturally bring again into favour the black-and-white checks, whether the broken or the regular shepherd's plaid patterns. French dressmakers are devoted to plaids of every sort, finding in them a valuable means of smartening up a gown without too much contrast from the original material for a fairly quiet effect on the whole. Revers or stitched bands of black-and-white check on black, are smart and not very showy. A more dressy way of using it will be in bands put round skirt and bolero, stitched on by one side only, so as to stand loosely out at the other edge, which is not even hemmed. White crêpe for cravat and sleeve-puffs, with a soft black cloth gown trimmed as just described, will make as smart a half-mourning dress as can be desired.

Perhaps it is no wonder that the fashion of periodical sales of stock is spreading to all businesses, as, of course, it is a point with all to be able to turn over their capital as quickly as possible. Something of a novelty in this line is announced by the London Shoe Company, at their City house, 123, Queen Victoria Street. If you care to make the journey there, on March 11, the company pledge themselves to offer a goodly stock, guaranteed to be their ordinary goods, and not articles just purchased to sell off, at much less than their usual prices. FILOMENA.

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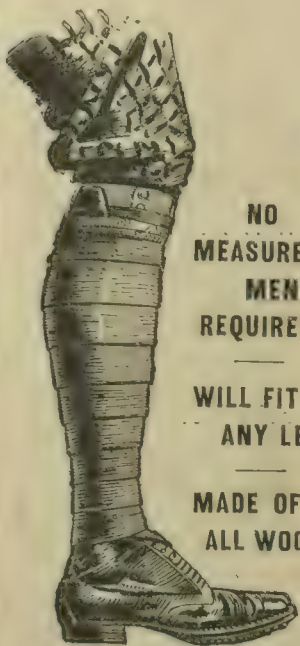
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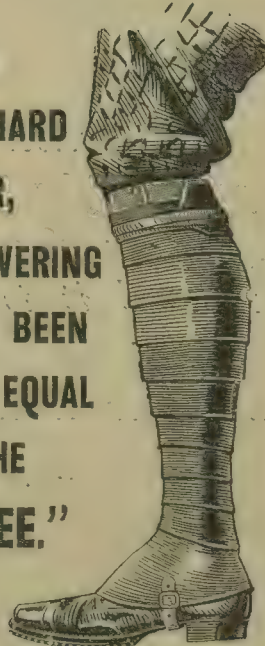


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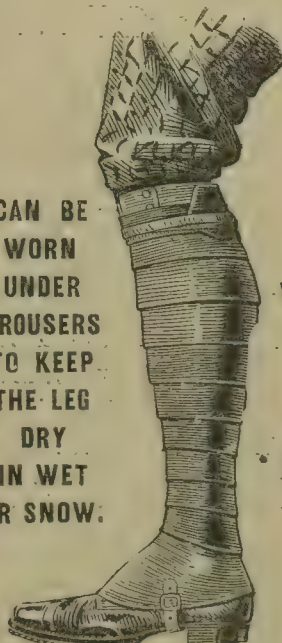


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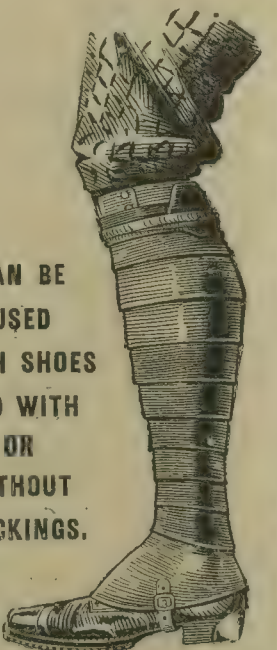
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## SEA-BIRDS IN WINTER.

When the tide is ebbing, and the brown weed of the low reefs begins to show, gulls gather together on the rocks, or wait in flocks upon the water, if the weather is calm, white and motionless in the blue-grey of the offing. At this hour the curlews are travelling towards the coast, timing their flight so exactly that one might check a chronometer by their daily passage seawards. The vanguard of two or three arrive a few minutes before the main body, and these scouts circle around, piping the password that all is well. Scarcely have the birds settled on the sloping black ridge, jutting into the sea, before you hear the cries of the advancing great flock. Presently the stillness of the air is disturbed directly overhead by the sound of hundreds of wings, and the curlews swoop down on the ridge in one multitude. From a carefully chosen ambush among the rocks upwind, it is possible to watch the movements of the birds. But the most cautious stalking will often fail to bring you within shooting-distance of the flock, for no creature of wings is more wary than the curlew on sentinel duty. I am told by a longshore gunner of experience that these birds possess the scenting capacity of deer and the visual power of the eagle. Undoubtedly the species is endowed with very remarkable resources of self-preservation, and it is evident that the sentries are selected for their especially developed watchfulness.

In the innumerable coves of this desolate rocky shore, stretching from the dim triple-peaked Yr Eifl to the furthest point of Carnarvonshire, I have loitered at low

tide on wintry days, intent upon the study of sea-bird life. There are grander cliffs and more imposing headlands along the Cornish coasts; but the character of this lonely sea-board is no less wild and rugged, while it has the inexpressible attraction of being one of the few unexplored and ultimate ends of Wales. Reckoning with the indentations of this peculiarly broken coast, the distance from Yr Eifl to the stupendous crags fronting Bardsey Island is over twenty miles of alternate small sandy or shingly bays, stretches of jagged black reef, with deep, narrow gullies between granite bluffs, sprinkled with grey and yellow lichens. The few villages are inland, and there is hardly a house within sight from the shore.

The gulls are dabbling now on the gleaming sand of a diminutive bay. A few of the black-headed variety waddle about by themselves, apparently disdaining the company of their common grey brethren. Mr. Hook, the marine artist, who painted several of his finest sea-scapes from these rocks, is known to be a great admirer of gulls, and very successful in representing their graceful flight upon canvas. These birds are rarely molested in this part of the country; they are therefore comparatively easy to approach and observe while on the feeding-grounds. At high water they mostly forsake the coast, and you may see them then in troops on the newly turned furrows, closely following on the footsteps of the ploughman. Sometimes they mingle with rooks on the brown globe, their pale grey plumage showing white in contrast with the shining sable of their companions.

Two divers are fishing about a quarter of a mile from shore. They are probably the red-throated and commonest kind; but at this distance it is difficult to discern their colour. Cormorants are somewhat abundant here. The Welsh folk call them Billy Doucans or Billy Divers. These long-necked, sooty fowl often come in close to land, swimming and diving among the wavelets in search of small fish, which they catch with great dexterity. I have watched a cormorant questing along about half a mile of the shore, and I calculated that he caught a fish at every third plunge.

Although this is a midwinter afternoon, sunlight glints on the mountains, and the sea slumbers under a tender blue sky, flecked with summer-like clouds. When the birds have settled to their evening repast, there is no sound save the gentle heave of the receding tide against the reefs. The rocks have a wealth of tones: the deep red of wet porphyritic granite, the white veinings of quartz on black and olive-green, the warm pink of crags above high-water line, and the bright yellow splashings of lichen and the green of thrift. Primroses, nestling in the coarse grass above the rocks, already reveal buds, which will open in February if the weather remains mild.

A little coasting steamer, with one funnel trailing black smoke, rounds a point and bears in near to shore. None of the birds exhibit any fear; they are accustomed to the sight of vessels. Yet if I raised my hand above the rock against which I am crouching, the feathered army would take flight in alarm. Curlews will venture very close to boats, and on the east coast of England the

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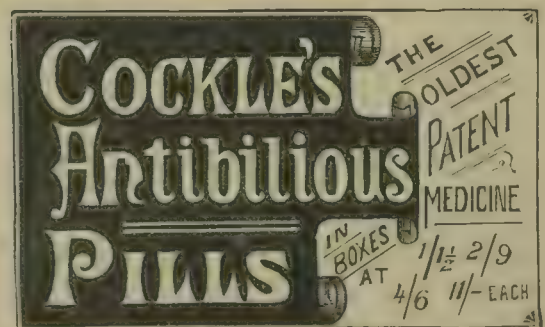
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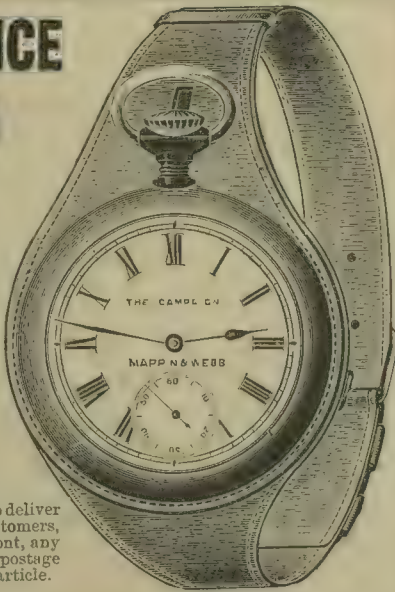
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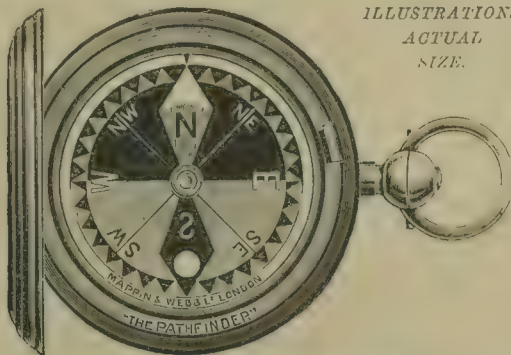
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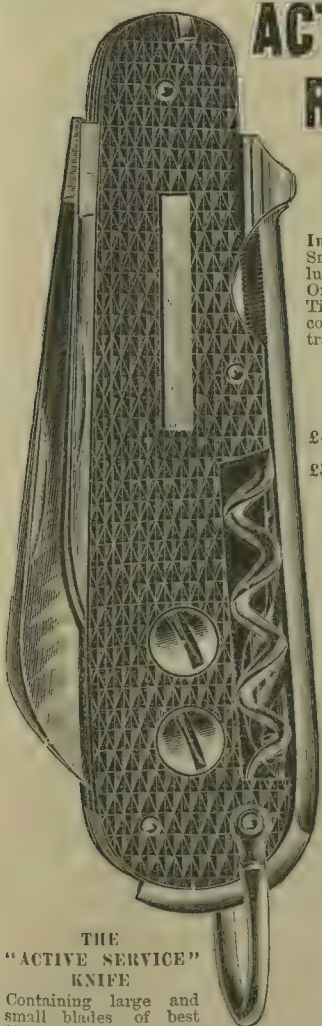
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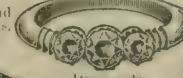
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fishermen, who take guns aboard, get easy shots at them. Ashore, the approach of a little child will scare a whole legion of these shy birds. There is no doubt that birds of different species possess a general code of alarm signals understood by all. The warning cry of a blackbird sets every bird within hearing on the guard against danger, and in the same manner a gull's scream intimates the necessity for flight to the terns, plovers, and other birds of the shore.

As the sun sinks, the ripples are touched with crimson, and the wet sand reflects the rose-pink of the sky. Every object from the stern crags to the wings of the gulls is seen in a fairy roscate light, recalling the phantasy of a memorable dream of loveliness. Yet this exquisite effect, baffling the rarest genius of poets and painters, is witnessed by few lovers of beauty at this season of the year. And when summer comes and the sun has lost its shyness, men are wont to remember only the dreary greyness of sky and sea in the months of winter. But these days of sunshine and dreaming serenity are not rare in December and January. Fewer still among us are those familiar with the weird fascinations of starry wintry nights, when the slumber of the shore is startled by the terrible yelling as of winged spirits of evil, as the grey geese pass in rapid flight unseen in the murky air. At day-streak the sea lies worn and prostrate, with a look of haggard paleness, and gloom reigns upon the cruel reefs. Then, as the eastward rift of the sky widens in luminous, quickly changing tints, grey spectral birds flit drowsily from the grim precipice, wailing sadly to the tide that begins again its weary inflow to the bay.

GEORGEY MORTIMER.

### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

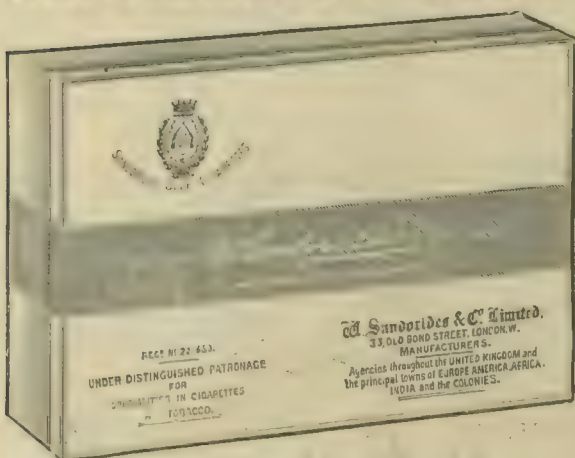
The will (dated July 2, 1897), with a codicil (dated July 3, 1899), of Mr. Abraham Mocatta, of 30, Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on Feb. 7 by Charles Abraham Mocatta and Edward Lumbrozo Mocatta, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £237,232. The testator gives £7100 each to his two sons; £10,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son Charles Abraham; £15,000 to his daughter Elkah Ella; £12,000 to his daughter Catherine; £6000 between his grandchildren, and £1000 to his grandson Frederick Elias Mocatta; £2000 to his sister Rebecca Nahon; £1000 each to his sisters-in-law Catherine Wiener and Ramah van Raalte; £1000 to the Portuguese Synagogue in London; £2000 for such charitable institutions or objects as his executors may select; £500 each to his sons-in-law Raphael Benzecry and Anghel Gaster, and his daughters-in-law Sarah and Flora; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his six children, Charles Abraham, Edward Lumbrozo, Elkah Ella, Catherine, Mrs. Esther Benzecry, and Mrs. Leah Gaster.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1900) of Mr. Joseph Alfred Jameson, J.P., of The Avenue, Bridlington, Yorks, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Feb. 6 by Mrs. Mary Jane Jameson, the widow, William Beilby Jameson and Frank Wordsworth Jameson, the nephews, and Edward James Smith, the executors, the value of the estate being £212,395. The testator bequeaths £1000, an annuity of

£2500, and the use and enjoyment of his Bridlington property to his wife; £2000 to Henry Charles Gerrard Fincham; £1000 to Arthur Gibson Hill; £1000 to Edward James Smith; £1000 to the Rev. William George Halse; £500 to his late partner, Edward Bolton; and many legacies to friends and servants. He also bequeaths £1000 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, Lloyd's Cottage Hospital and General Dispensary (Bridlington), and the Hull Royal Infirmary; and £500 each to the Hull and Seuloates Dispensary and the Hull Seamen's General Orphan Asylum and Schools. The residue of his property is to be accumulated until the death of Mrs. Jameson, when he gives £5000 each to his nephews Robert Falconer Jameson and Frank Wordsworth Jameson and to his niece Alice Mary Tremel; £5000 and his Bridlington property to his nephew William Beilby Jameson; £3000 each to Arthur Newington Jameson, Mary Louisa Caroline Aykroyd, Ethel Maud Sauer, Kate Ellen Jameson, and Zoe Jameson; and £5000 each to the four sons of his sister, Mrs. Susanna Odling. The ultimate residue he leaves as to ten twentieths to William Beilby Jameson, five twentieths to Frank Wordsworth Jameson, three twentieths to Robert Falconer Jameson, one twentieth to Arthur Newington Jameson, and one twentieth to the daughters of his brother Robert Jameson.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1900), with a codicil of Feb. 27 following, of Colonel Charles Welman Hawker Helyar, J.P., of Poundisford Lodge, near Taunton, who died on

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

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CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1895: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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July 26, has been proved at the Taunton District Registry by Colonel Charles Edward Beckett, C.B., and William Herbert Fowler, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,242. The testator gives £100 each to Miss Martyn and Samuel Bradbeer, and specific legacies of jewels, silver, and guns to his children and friends. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his eldest son Vincent for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail, with remainder over to his daughters.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1900) of the Rev. Thomas Ord, of Thropton, Northumberland, who died on Oct. 7, was

proved on Jan. 14 at the Newcastle District Registry by the Very Rev. James Rooney, the Very Rev. George Crompton Burton, D.D., and Charles Davison Forster, the executors, the value of the estate being £65,328. The testator devises his real estate in the ecclesiastical parish of Rothbury, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to the priest in charge of the Catholic Mission at Thropton. He gives £4000 to the Tudhoe Homes; £6000 to the institution for workhouse boys at Gainford, Durham; a perpetual annuity of £10 to the Convent of Mersey, Hexham; £500 to Mary Forster; and annuities to his servants. The residue of his property he leaves to the Right Rev. Thomas William Wilkinson, D.D.,

the Right Rev. Richard Preston, D.D., and the Very Rev. James Rooney, as joint tenants.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1894), with a codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1900), of Colonel Charles James Briggs, J.P., D.L., of Hylton Castle, near Sunderland, who died on Oct. 15, has been proved by Mrs. Sarah Ann Briggs, the widow, the Rev. Douglas Hilton Briggs, the son, and Robert Scott Briggs, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £60,796. The testator bequeaths £10,250, his furniture and household effects, the shooting rights over his property called Lamperts, and the income, during her widowhood, of £8000 to his wife; £5000 to his

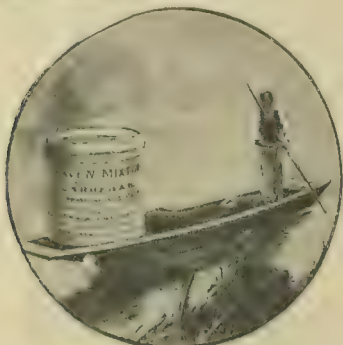
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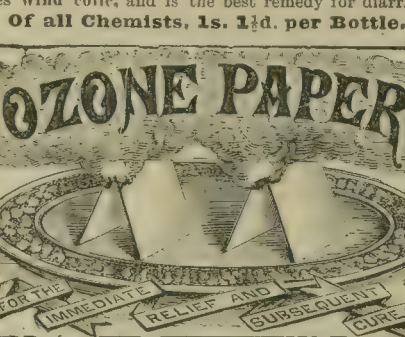
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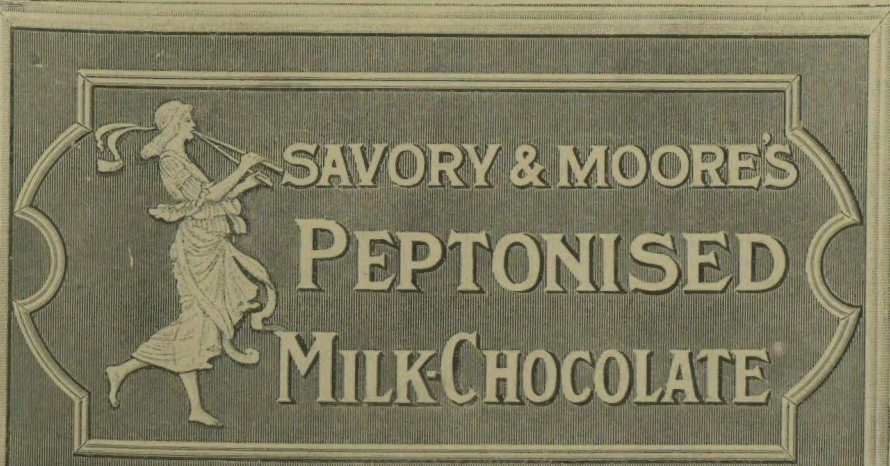


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Perfume for the handkerchief — Soap — Powder  
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Only genuine with the full firm of the creator

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Perfumer by appointment to H. M. the Empress of Germany and H. M. the Empress Frederick.

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No. 680.

for typhoid and other fever convalescents.

Mr. E. Leapman, 42, Kelvin Road, Highbury Park, London, N., wrote us on 8th November, 1900, as follows:—

"I feel it my duty to inform you of the benefit I have derived from taking Hall's Wine. Some time ago I had typhoid fever, which left me very weak. A friend advised me to give Hall's Wine a trial, which I did, and, after taking two bottles, I am feeling strong and well again. I shall certainly recommend it to all my friends, for I feel I cannot speak too highly of it."

Large bottle, 3/-; Small bottle, 1/9. Sold by licensed grocers, chemists, and wine merchants. Proprietors: Stephen Smith and Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.



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*Reg'd* **Sarola**

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ROUGH  
HANDS.

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**THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION**

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IT REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL  
**ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, and CHAPS,**  
AND KEEPS THE SKIN

**SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE at All Seasons.**

If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it will be found  
**DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.**

Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM



REGISTERED  
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4/-  
Per Bottle.

45/-  
Per Doz.

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TONIC PICK-ME-UP.**

**STRENGTHENS and STIMULATES  
the BODY and BRAIN.**

A couple of wineglassfuls daily are found to work wonders for those suffering from the effects of mental and physical overwork. Testimonials from 8000 physicians.

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HIS HOLINESS THE POPE writes that he has "fully appreciated the beneficial effects of this tonic wine, and has forwarded to M. Mariani, as a token of his gratitude, a gold medal bearing his august effigy."

Professor CHARLES FAUVEL writes: "Of all tonics, and I have tried almost all, not one equals Mariani Wine, so highly esteemed by the medical profession in France and other countries. I use it personally and for my family, and I have prescribed it during twenty years with unvarying satisfaction to myself and my patients."



son William Hylton; and £105 each to his sons-in-law the Rev. Claude Valentine Gee and Harry Brown Goldthorp. He devises his share of the Hylton Castle estate to his son Douglas Hilton; his interest in the right of presentation to the living of St. Margaret's, near Sunderland, and his farms and lands called Lamperts and Mossy Wall to his son Charles James; the farms and lands called Scotscoltherd and Cadger Ford to his son Harold Douglas; and the farms and lands called Edges Green to his son William Hylton, but the mines and seams of coal and fireclay under the farms and lands are to go to his said four sons as tenants in common. Subject to the life interest of Mrs. Briggs, the sum of £8000 is to be divided between his sons in such shares as his wife may appoint. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughters.

The will (dated July 16, 1896) of Mr. Frederic Charles Hill, of The Grove, Henley-on-Thames, and 13, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Feb. 1 by Mrs. Henrietta Hill, the widow, and Alwyn Rashleigh Phipps, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £48,227. The testator gave £500, the use for life of his residence, The Grove, with the furniture and effects, and £800 per annum to his wife; £1000 each to his daughters Mrs. Ethel Rashleigh Phipps and Mrs. Grace Passmore Edwards; and £100 each to his sister Mrs. Grace Ponsford and his nephew Sydney Alliston. On the death of his wife he gives £2000 to, and The Grove, upon trust, for, his daughter Mrs. Phipps; and £3000 to his daughter Mrs. Passmore Edwards. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two daughters for life, then to their husbands.

The will (dated June 19, 1899) of Mr. Henry White, J.P., D.L., of 30, Queen's Gate, and Stone, Dartford, Kent, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Jan. 21 by Mrs. Eleanor d'Ouchy White, the widow, and Harold Holden White, Cecil Henry Holden White, and Charles Henry Holden White, the sons, the value of the estate being £47,830. He gave £2500, his furniture, and certain pictures, china, and books to his wife; his Vintners' Company's Gold Medal and his Magistrate's Gold Badge to his son Harold; all his share and interest in the business of Henry White and Co., 14, Mincing Lane, and in the Red Heart Rum Brand or trade mark, to his sons Harold and Cecil; and there are many small gifts to relatives and servants. The residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his three sons.

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"This is a well-prepared 'Essence of agreeable flavour, and helpful to invalids, or those with 'enfeebled digestive function. It is perfectly clear and free from the smell and flavour of a preparation concentrated by heat."

"THE CALVES'-FEET JELLY was excellent in all respects, possessing a delicate flavour and consistency calculated to appeal to the fastidious palate."

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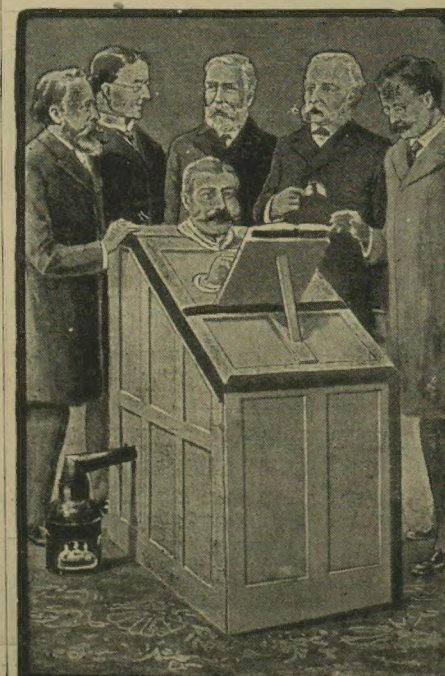
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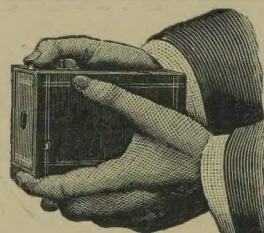
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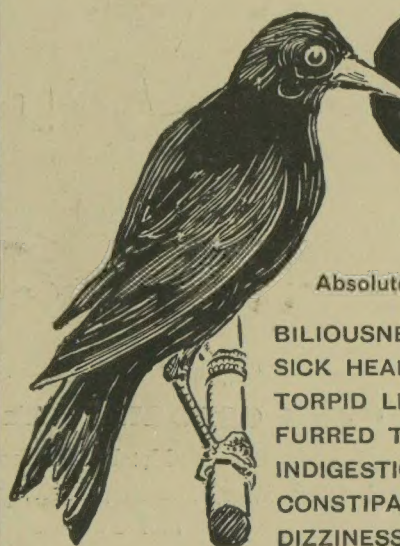
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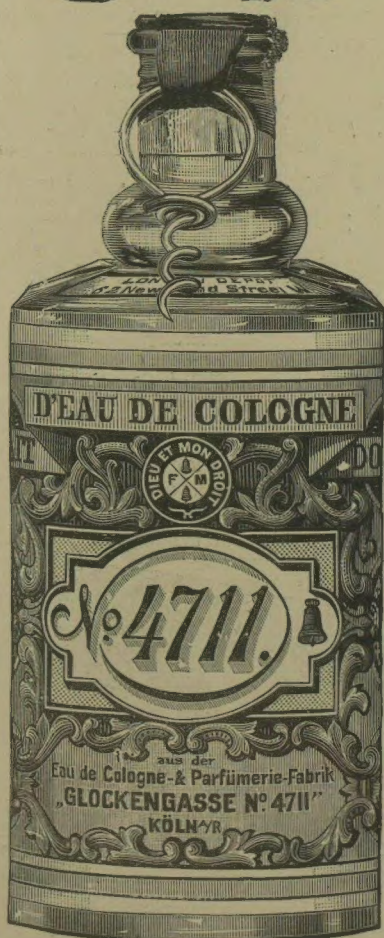
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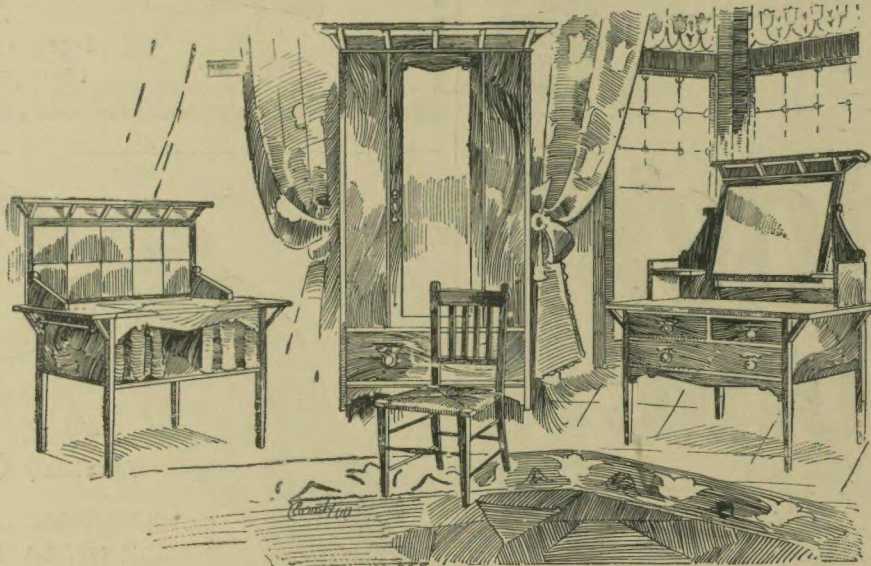
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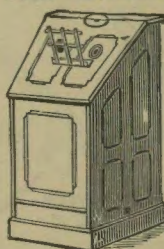
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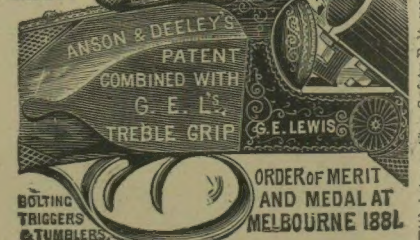
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